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ECHOES.

BY R. E.

A dead leaf rustling 'neath the foot
Will bring to memory's view
A day when every pulse was stirred
By eyes of liquid blue;
When all the warblers in the wood
Made music sweet and clear,
And, clasping close her hand, I sighed:
"'Tis heaven to wander here."

A glint of sunshine on the stream
Will bring to fancy's gaze
A crown of hair too richly rare
For words of idle praise;
And dreaming on that distant past,
I feel the subtle thrill
With which her soft, caressing voice
Was wont my heart to fill.

The tender love of bygone days!
Ah, who would scorn its power?
Rich autumn's fruit is but the crown
Of springtime's fragile flower;
And all that joy that lights my life
Would not be half so sweet
Without these echoes from that love
So distant, yet complete.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER III.

ARDEN COURT was ready for its young mistress. The rich, old-fashioned furniture was re-arranged and renovated in the more public and massive apartments. A graceful fairylike suite was decorated and furnished with exquisite taste for the youthful bride. The carpets and hangings, the cabinet pictures, the elegant furniture, the view from the windows of the suite thus selected, were all totally distinct from the remainder of the house.

So the setting was worthy of the jewel for which it was intended. And Philip walked, with Bessie by his side, and gazed, with half-amused, half-bewildered pride, on the graceful trousseau, the silks and laces, that seemed so marvelously in keeping with the young beauty of Marian Halloway.

As Philip looked round at the faultless arrangements, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah, I shall bring a fair flower here to complete and brighten the scene."

Then he turned away with a smile! It went to Bessie's heart.

"May he be happy!" she said to herself, as she turned away, under pretence of altering some of the already perfect arrangements.

"I was thinking," said Philip, "of fixing the wedding day when I write next, Bessie. The last accounts from Mrs. Halloway were better, and I fancy she will soon return. I do not feel inclined to wait longer, now all is ready. What think you of three weeks hence, eh, Bessie? All can be ready by then."

He closed the doors, as Bessie's assenting smile proved that she had no objection to the speedy consummation of the union, and went to the library. Bessie followed him with strange, mingled feelings of pleasure, and with a vague impression that the happiest, brightest part of her life had passed, and that from henceforth she and Philip would no longer live as the calm, peaceful, loving brother and sister that they had hitherto been.

Philip sat down in the library chair, and Bessie quietly placed herself on the couch opposite to him. For some minutes they were silently occupied with their own thoughts. The past and the future, the era of life which had come to each in the marriage of Philip, and the bright prospects opening before him, brought a light to the grave face of the one, and a melancholy, yet not unpleasing expression to the other. At last the quick steps of a servant roused them. It was unusual for a domestic to approach unsolicited-for at that time, and Bessie started with ill-defined apprehension.

"It is to bring lights, no doubt," said Philip, in answer to her look. "You are strangely nervous, Bessie."

"You forget, Philip, I am getting old, compared with Marian," she replied, with a sad smile.

The door opened and a servant appeared, bringing a letter on a salver.

"A messenger has brought it," he said; "he has come by express, and says it was to be given to you immediately."

Philip took it with an instinctive vague terror that he could yet scarcely comprehend. He glanced at the writing; it was unknown to him, but the postmark was one that brought the blood flaming to his cheeks. It was the post-town near where Marian was staying.

He tore open the letter, and his eyes were fixed on the page with astonishment.

"Brother Philip, what is it?" exclaimed Bessie. "Is it Marian?"

He started at the name, and gasped, "Yes yes. She is lost."

"Lost, dearest! Oh Philip! is it impossible! Three days since she was well and happy."

"She is lost for ever to me!" he said in a cold, strange tone. "Read!"

He gave the letter to Bessie, who hastily read it. The tidings were but too true. Marian—sweet Marian Halloway—was to him worse than death. She, his affianced wife, had left him for another, when on the eve of their bridal.

And that terrible misfortune, which was to bring woe to so many and spread its consequence over such an unlooked for period, had happened in this way.

During the summer a handsome young stranger had boarded in the principal inn of the village, where the Ardens and Marian lived. Day after day he had been seen wandering through the woods, with sketch-book and fishing rod in hand. For whole hours he fished on the banks of the bright, clear trout stream, winding among the meadows and woodlands, or pencilled some exquisite bit of scenery. But not alone the charms that those woodlands contained lured him there; a fairer work of nature attracted him.

More than once had the stranger, either by accident or design, met Marian Halloway, and tempted her to remain for a time watching the progress of his sketch, or the gradual entangling of some unconscious fish. Alas! poor girl, she thought that her own fate might be shadowed forth by that unlucky tenant of the stream.

They had been introduced to each other at a pic-nic a few weeks before and the stranger had made more than one effort to renew his acquaintance, at her mother's modest cottage; but Mrs. Halloway had been so unmistakably cold in her manner that he dared not press the attempt, and was forced to content himself with a few casual meetings. At last he went away, not long before Philip Arden proposed.

Marian had heard nothing from this stranger—scarcely even knew his name or history. She believed she had forgotten him, or, at least, she never admitted, even to herself, that she bestowed one regret upon him, or feeling inconsistent with her allegeance to her promised husband. And in time it might have been so. Philip's goodness and nobleness might well have won the girl's heart, if perfectly free to receive the impression made on it. Such was not in the Book of Destiny.

On Marian's arrival at her friend's the first person who met her glance on entering the drawing-room before dinner was the stranger of Fernleigh, the handsome, fascinating Reginald Glanville. What a contrast to Philip Arden! The figure slight but tall, well-knit and manly proportions, white and delicate; his [illegible] beauty; a high forehead, aquiline nose, with thin, proud nostrils; small, well-cut mouth with fresh red lips, almost feminine in their expression, save for rigid curves about them betokening a strength of will not easily attained by woman; and a firm, rounded chin, shaded by a dark moustache.

Marian's shy, quick glance took in all this, and then she instinctively recalled the thin, plain, unprepossessing appearance of her affianced husband, and——But we need scarcely paint the conflict in the girlish heart at the dangerous comparison thus provoked.

The walks, drives, and rides in the morning, the companionship at dinner, and the partnership in the evening dance, we need not describe.

Reginald Glanville knew but too well the heart of woman, to fail in winning the love of that inexperienced girl; albeit it was no secret to him that she was a promised bride. Such hearts he had won before, and broken them too; for though young in years, he was an experienced man of the world. And, alas for the credulous girl! his beauty, elegance, and grace, with the gallant, chivalrous devotion of his manner, won her heart away.

It was the old story over again, a story that will be always repeated so long as women are trusting and men deceivers. And Marian Halloway was no wiser or less credulous than her sisters in misfortune, while Reginald was an adept in his art.

Fascinated with the whispers of his romantic, devoted homage, so unlike the plain, honest assurances of Philip's love,—contrasting his elegant form, his graceful demeanor, his passionate glances, with the true, noble-hearted, but undemonstrative wooing of her plain-featured lover, Marian forgot honor, plighted faith, and all that should be most dear to a generous heart, and broke her troth, but not without a struggle.

When Reginald first whispered his protestations, Marian recoiled. Ah, had she fled then! But she lingered, and lingering, listened to the tempter.

What poor, fluttering, charmed birds, gazing at the serpent, but falls at length into its coiling embrace? What woman, forgetting duty and honor, listens to the tale of forbidden worship, and escapes unharmed?

"I must not, dare not listen. I am the promised wife of another," she said, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes," said Reginald; "you are promised to a dull, harsh student, a man whose whole mind and heart is set upon his books; whose very mien, and age, and all that should guide the joining together of two beings for life, marks out the incongruity of such a union. Now, Marian, I swear by all that is sacred and beautiful, that he shall not have you. It is time to break such an engagement, when Heaven itself marks out its incongruity. You cannot give him your heart; you dare not give him your hand."

"But my mother," murmured Marian—"she would never forgive me."

"Would your mother wish your marriage, save for the accident of his position and wealth?" he asked, insinuatingly. "Marian, I implore, I insist on your fulfilling the dictates of your heart!"

"I dare not," she replied. "It is wicked—it is false! Philip loves me; my mother would disown me. It is wicked [illegible] not stay with you. Let me [illegible] ed.

"And condemn [illegible] ery," said Reginald; "[illegible] cruel. [illegible] for him, or else in the society of his cold maid sister. Yes, Marian, at least you will pause: you will not deny me this brief dream of bliss; do not send me from you; whatever may be the result, do not drive me away before the time!"

Marian gave one glance at his pleading eyes and promised.

Was it, then, wonderful if, one beautiful August night, when her lover came, secretly and warily, Marian stole out and sealed her fate?

Was it wonderful that when Philip had read the letter which contained the news of her flight, and at last comprehended the strange tidings, he crushed the plain gold ring that he had intended for the bride's slender finger under his foot, and threw the tress of golden hair into the fire that blazed in the grate on that chill September night?

And Marian's mother? But we need scarcely speak of her. The invalid she went to nurse was carried to the grave only two months before the mother of the unhappy Marian was consigned to the same cold resting-place.

* * * * * * * * *

Morning broke over Arden Court. The storm had passed; the air was clear and frosty; the sky dark blue; and broken fleecy cloud-rifts wandered hither and thither over the heavens. And then, when the sun came forth, mounting higher as the morning deepened, commenced the sounds of life, and nature, and busy activity.

But all this time how was it at the mansion at Arden court? Alas! there was no rejoicing there, even though there was more than usual activity and watchfulness amidst the household; for indeed there had been little sleep among the tenants. The servants were on the alert from the latest hour of the previous night; while Philip and Bessie were little inclined to sleep, had their charge been less onerous an exciting. The doctor was there from midnight, and had left the patient's room; while the nurse went from bed-room to dressing-room and back again to the patients, with grave face and soft whispers.

Bessie sat by the bed, only leaving it at times to go for a few moments to the library, where Philip sat, or rather crouched down on the sofa where Marian had lain, his face in his hands, taking no heed of the flight of time, or aught but the soft whispers of his sister, as she tried to soothe him with hopes she little entertained. And thus passed the night.

When morning dawned, a little feeble cry sounded from the bed-room—the tiny wail of a being just ushered into a world of care, and trial, and suffering; and a new life was begun under the old mansion's roof. But it was a life which must cost another—a soul for which the mother's must be rendered; long ere the sun had [illegible] entered on his upward career, Philip was startled by the approach of a [illegible] different from Bessie's [illegible] looked up—it was the [illegible] Knowles.

Philip started to [illegible] face of the old [illegible] agonised in[illegible]

"Rouse [illegible] Know[illegible] sh[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ing then upon her face, one would scarcely have known it for the hard, cold features of the previous night; for a tender compassion had softened and beautified every feature, and beamed from her clear, dark eyes.

Philip's eyes were bright, and dry, and hot; he could not have shed a tear had his life depended on it. His heart throbbed with a dull, heavy pain, and with slow steps he went slowly towards the bed.

It was a very wan face that rested on the pillow, and so white that it might have seemed a statue's, but for the faint quiver of the eyelids. The long, waxen fingers worked together convulsively over the counterpane, as if in violent, mute, inward struggle. At length she half unclosed her eyes, but a film was over them.

"Philip—will he not come?" she murmured.

The strong man bent over her, lifted one pale hand, and whispered, "Marian."

It was all he said, but it was enough. The sound of her name, uttered in such tender accents at once recalled to him the past, dissolved the icy chill freezing his own heart, and brought comfort to hers. Some scalding yet welcome tears dropped upon her hand.

"Philip, dear Philip," said the girl, opening her eyes, where the deep death shadows were fast gathering, and casting a beseeching glance upon him, she clasped her other hand over his. "Philip—forgive—forgive, only say you forgive me."

"I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven by Him in whose sight we are all sinners," he replied, bending down and pressing his lips to her cold brow.

"God will bless you for this when I am gone," she said. "You have been kinder to me than he for whose sake I threw away your true, noble heart. Oh, Philip, I was indeed mad, wicked," she sobbed forth.

Bessie rose, and went to the bedside with the babe in her arms.

"Don't, dear Marian, don't," she said. "Forget all that now. It is passed and cannot be recalled. Do not exhaust yourself by talking of it. We freely forgive you, and may God bless and comfort you, Marian."

The poor girl's eyes closed wearily, as if a calm was coming over the fevered brain, but a grateful smile just trembled about her lips, while Bessie sank down on a low chair by the bedside, now clasping the infant to her bosom, and Philip stood holding the hands that were getting colder. No sound broke the silence, except their breathing and the ticking of the timepiece on the mantel. The room was filled with a dim twilight, for the candles had burned low, and the thick curtains excluded the dawning light; but the gloom could not hide the fast-increasing pallor of the dying girl's face, the strange shadows deepening over it, the fluttering, convulsive throes of the white throat the tossings of the head to and fro on the pillows, and the rapid working of her fingers tightening over Philip's hand. But the eyes were closed, as if in sleep, and the watchers would not disturb the silence by a movement or a word. Suddenly she withdrew her hands and stretched them forth appealingly. Then, unclosing her eyes, lit up by a gleam of unearthly brilliance, she gazed wildly round the room till her eyes fell on Bessie.

"My baby," she said; "bring me my baby."

Bessie rose, and laid the infant on the pillow close to the mother's face. Marian clasped it convulsively and drew its little cheek close to her own with a caressing movement.

"Poor babe, poor darling!" she murmured, the tears filling her eyes. "I wish you could die, too, and be laid to sleep on your mother's bosom. Nobody wants you, my poor darling; no one will care for you," she said, clasping it to her with all the dying strength that comes like a blaze before the final darkness of the grave. Then the energy passed away, and she let it fall from her arms.

Bessie tenderly replaced the babe on the pillow, and wiped the damps from Marian's brow. Philip bent over her, and whispered "Marian, while I live, your child shall not want a father."

"Nor a mother while Philip's sister has power to supply her place," said the weeping Bessie, and raising the hand that lay on the coverlet, she clasped it in her own.

"Marian, my poor girl, my sister, listen," [illegible] —since you left in gloom and sorrow the brother I idolised, my heart has nursed up bitter wrath against you. But God, in his own way, has at last softened my heart. And now, Marian, set your heart at rest. [illegible] up your babe to Him and to us, and [illegible] that she will ever be permitted to [illegible] this roof and from under our care."

[illegible] smile parted Marian's lips, and [illegible] pained painfully as she turned [illegible] babe beside her.

[illegible] down, and whispered— [illegible] her to us. She shall be [illegible] will no one claim [illegible] dying girl's [illegible] pleasure. [illegible] es; but [illegible] since [illegible] he

bosom. The dying mother saw the mute acceptance of the trust, and smiled.

"What name shall we give her, Marian?" said Philip, stoping down once more.

"Not mine," she replied—"not my name, but one more worthy. Call her Hilda; it was my mother's name. My dear babe," she continued, "she has brought peace and joy to my dark heart. She has made peace between us, Philip, has she not?"

She gave a quick, eager glance from the infant to Philip.

"You will love her for her young mother's sake, will you not, Philip?" she continued. "You will not remember aught but that poor Marian died penitent."

"Hush, Marian," he said, "or you will break my heart. All is over, and forgotten now. But one word, for the infant's sake. Are you his wife?"

A low moan broke from her lips as she replied, "I thought so. As Heaven is my witness, I thought so. All those years I was very happy, till I saw that the sin found me out."

The blush which crept over her face told what she could not utter. She lay with closed eyes, and great tears coursed silently down her face; and Philip's teeth were hard set, and his breathing was thick and gasping as he stood by the bedside. Then she raised her hand to a little gold chain on her neck, but her fingers failed her. Bessie laid the babe down, and stooped to unclasp a locket from the chain. It yielded to the pressure of her fingers. She touched a spring, and placed the opened locket in Marian's hand. There were two faces painted on the ivory; one, that of the dying girl on the pillow, every lineament beaming with health and beauty; the other, the handsome-looking but treacherous semblance of him who had lured her to ruin.

Marian Halloway looked at the locket long and earnestly, pressed it passionately to her lips, then placed it in Philip's hands.

"Keep it for my baby. Some day show her the face of her mother and her father," she said; then, wholly exhausted, she sank back.

The murmuring voice ceased, and poor Marian Halloway had gone to Him who would never cast her out—to arms that would never repulse her.

Philip knelt by the body while Bessie closed the eyes, and pressed her lips reverently on the forehead of the dead.

After one lingering look, Philip passed from the room, with features rigid and fixed, without looking to the right or to the left. But in that ante-room, through which his path lay, there was one figure seated in a remote corner, one pair of keen eyes that gazed on him as he passed, as if to read his very heart. The figure and face were those of Avice Merton.

Ten days later, and the drifted snow was cleared away, and a new stone raised in the vault of the Ardens. There, with the high-born and the proud, the fair and the brave of that ancient race, was entombed, the betrothed wife of Philip Arden.

Yes, her sins were covered by her deep penitence and sufferings, and her grave was with the pure, the honored and the good. But there was a grave made that day in the heart of him who followed the bier as chief and true mourner for Reginald Glanville's victim—a grave where memories were buried that no hand would henceforth disturb.

And the possession went back to Arden Court, the officials dispersed, the servants assembled to talk over their imaginings over a comfortable fire and more comfortable supper.

The ladies of the household, Bessie Arden and Avice Merton, sat in the nursery of the little Hilda, to talk over the past and the future, while the beautiful infant slumbered at their feet in her tiny bed.

"Pity that Philip's feelings should be thus stirred and harrowed up," said Avice, in her quiet voice that was soft without sweetness, and low without music in its tones.

"I do not think so," was Bessie's abrupt reply.

"Why not?" asked Avice quickly.

"Simply because the feeling was there, and the bitterness yet more rankling and deep," replied Bessie.

"Then you think he will recover from his dreadful loss now?" said Avice.

"I think he will recover calmness and peace," replied Bessie. "His love for Marian was a part of his being, and can never change, but the piercing, rankling bitterness may be removed, and I believe will be, by the knowledge of her penitence and her sorrow. Besides, this tiny being will bring to him an object to care for and to love."

Avice bent down over the babe, and hid the expression of her face; but her voice sounded low and hollow as she said. "Then you think he will adopt her?"

"I cannot tell what my brother may do," replied Bessie; "but I do know what I shall do. From this hour she is mine, Avice—my charge, and Philip will naturally see the mother in the child."

After a moment, Avice raised her head, and then, said, with a sweet smile, "How good you both are! If this little one is half as sensible of your kindness as I am, she [illegible] indeed be grateful. In one respect we [illegible] e, both dependant on your bounty."

[illegible] ssed the hand extended to her, [illegible] mile that said even more [illegible] e you need never feel [illegible] of our kith and kin, [illegible] pleasure as you [illegible] the home

CHAPTER IV.

IT was an elegant apartment in the Albany, where every appointment was luxurious; but was its tenant worthy of the beauty he had collected around him? Was he in keeping with the scene? In all outward and external particulars he was, most undoubtedly and emphatically.

Before the grate, in a large crimson velvet reading-chair, his feet carelessly thrust in to a pair of embroidered slippers, clad in an elegant dressing-gown and Turkish smoking-cap, one hand supporting the stem of a magnificent meerschaum, and the other buried in the clustering curls of his hair, his elbow resting on a table on which stood wine and two slender wine-glasses, sat the master of that sumptuous apartment, Reginald Glanville, the fascinating lover of Marian Halloway.

Reginald Glanville was now a petted idol of society, and a welcome guest at the tables of the wealthy and the noble, and he was presumed to be an eligible *parti* by the parents, as well as a fascinating lover by the daughters at these gatherings.

It was known that a bachelor brother of his father had gone out to India five-and-twenty years before, and, as it was currently reported, became a very wealthy man.

Reginald appeared so well "up" in all Indian matters, and threw out such careless allusions to his present means and future prospects, that no one could doubt that whatever wealth he had inherited from his father would be more than trebled by his uncle.

Those luxurious rooms, those high-bred horses, that faultless toilette could not be maintained without an income worthy of the handsome Reginald Glanville.

And as he was never known to be in debt, it could scarcely be doubted that he had enough for the present, and full expectation for the future.

Therefore Reginald was voted "safe," as well as "dangerous," in the circles in which he moved.

His father had been a country gentleman of ancient family. Reginald was his only son, and the old man had lavished on him advantages of education that he had never enjoyed himself.

A preparatory school—then Harrow, then Oxford, then a tour and a tutor. Such had been Reginald's training.

Perhaps the tutor had been too much a friend and companion to restrain him in the giddy maze of continental cities, perhaps the youth's nature was disposed to the unrestrained enjoyment of every luxury and gaiety which lured him on at college and abroad.

Be that as it may, it was certain that on his return home, at the peremptory summons of his father, after a twelvemonth's absence, a stormy scene ensued, such as could scarcely have been expected between an indulgent parent and an only son; and that about a fortnight afterwards, John Glanville, the honest, the kindly, the simple-hearted squire, was carried to the vault of his ancestors. Some said it was a fit. Some that it was heart disease.

And then Reginald took the patrimony, or rather what remained after his extravagance and, free and unrestrained he continued his career.

With natural talent of a high order, extreme versatility of character that enabled him to adapt himself to every temperament; a keen perception that enabled him to read men; a handsome person, and a sort of natural aristocratic air that well accorded with his haughty style, it was no wonder that Reginald Glanville worked his way, by degrees, to a rank of society even far above his pretensions.

On that cold, stormy night—the very night which had closed the brief life of Marian Halloway—Reginald Glanville was enjoying, nay, luxuriating in the warmth and cheerfulness of his elegant apartments in the Albany.

From time to time he raised his head, as some fresh blast came to the well-secured windows, listened for a moment to its howl and then re-settled himself in his old attitude with a sort of indolent satisfaction in his face.

It was indeed a wild night. The darkness too had set in earlier, from the pall that hung over the heavens, and when the timepiece struck eight, Reginald started from his reverie, and drawing forth his watch, as if to correct the apparent mistake of the warning, he gave a fretful, discontented start and exclaimed with a yawn, "Hang it! how deuced slow the time goes. How on earth can a fellow amuse himself for such an endless day as this?"

Turning to the table, he poured out a glass of wine, quaffed in at one draught, thrust his feet more firmly in his slippers, stretched them on the fender, and began humming a popular air.

Then he broke off in the middle, went to the window, and pushed aside the heavy curtains. He looked out into the darkness, and after a moment's gaze, turned discontentedly away.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed; "dark as Erebus, and stormy as an enraged woman. Can't put a foot out of doors, and not a soul will venture a hair's breadth from shelter, I'll swear. No, not for friendship or love; perhaps for money—a man will do anything for that."

Then a bitter sneer came on his lips, an he gave another restless yawn.

"If it were not for the storm," said he, "I'd order the brougham, and go and call on Julia; but even the most devoted lover would make a fool of himself by setting out on such a night; so I've nothing left but to take another smoke, and be off to bed"

He went back to his chair and replenished [illegible] erschaum, and sank into his former [illegible] ttitude; but he was not doomed to [illegible] ness he anticipated.

Reginald hated solitude, and his habits were so irregular, that to him early sleep was nearly an impossibility; it therefore naturally followed that he would have had some hours of most dreaded and miserable watchfulness to encounter, had he been driven in desperation to seek his pillow. But his good genius protected him in this dire and threatening evil. Scarcely had the wreaths of smoke begun to encircle his head ere there was a light tap at the door. It was followed by the entrance of the valet, and his announcement of "Mr. Fleming, sir."

Reginald started up in his chair, as the guest entered, with an air of genuine delight.

"Ah, Hugh, my boy, welcome!" he exclaimed, shaking the new-comer's hand with an *empressement* that, under other circumstances, would have been truly flattering. "I'm deuced glad to see you, for I was just hesitating whether to hang myself or go to bed, for want of something more exciting. But I'll postpone either alternative now you've come. There, sit down," he said, pushing an easy chair towards his guest; "take a cigar—prime Havannahs," he said, handing a cigar-case from the mantel. "A glass of Moselle, eh?" he continued, pouring out a glass.

Hugh Fleming appeared quite unmoved by these cordial hospitalities. He coolly and deliberately divested himself of his snow-headed coat, from which frozen drops poured on the carpet.

Then indolently sinking into the chair offered to him, and acknowledging his friend's courtesies with a careless nod, he proceeded to warm his chilled fingers at the blazing fire, on which his eyes were fixed dreamily, like a man enjoying some bodily comfort while his mind is busily and less pleasantly engaged elsewhere.

Hugh Fleming was Reginald Glanville's junior by two or three years; but scarcely his inferior in personal attractions. He was the younger son of a baronet of ancient family and ample fortune. His youth had been spent in luxury and idleness, and on his father's death he had come into his mother's fortune.

Hugh had settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair, placed his feet on the fender, lighted his cigar, and drank a draught of the wine, ere he replied to his host's welcome.

"Deuced cold night this, Reginald, eh?" said he. "Takes the wind out of a fellow, eh? Shouldn't have came out, but a little business affair pressed me hard. Thought I'd come down and see what you'd try towards helping a friend out of a queer place. The duns are all down on me, and not a brass farthing can be squeezed out of even the softest and spongiest of Israel. What's to be done in such a case, Reg?" he asked, taking a long puff at his cigar.

As Hugh lounged back in his chair and carelessly sipped the wine, and watched the curling smoke of his cigar, no one could have thought that a care had ever disturbed his brain.

"Come, Reginald," he continued, putting down the glass, and idly slipping a splendid seal ring up and down his little finger, "what say you? Can you accommodate me with a thousand or so, for I have lost most atrociously last night to that cursed count?"

"A thousand!" said Glanville, staring at him in half-comical surprise. "Why, Fleming, you must be mad—completely touched!" he added, tapping his own forehead with his forefinger. "I have not as many shillings at my disposal now. Couldn't raise it for you, either; for I have been deucedly unlucky of late, and have been putting off my duns till the grand event comes off; and I'm almost in doubt whether I can raise the needful for the bridal presents, tour and turn-out altogether. The wedding really puts all right. Deuced agreeable that, eh, Hugh? But hang it, man, you look scared! I *forgot* you were not posted up yet."

Fleming's cheek had whitened, and his eyes looked fiercely questioning, as his friend spoke.

"Wedding!" he echoed, in a hollow voice; "wedding, Glanville? You jest! You don't mean that ——"

"I do mean that last night was a fortunate one for me," said Glanville. "I flatter myself that I am the accepted suitor of the wealthiest and prettiest heiress of this or any other season. In plain words, your cousin, Julia Courtenay, is my promised wife. Wish me joy, Hugh, and drink to our coming kinship, old fellow!"

He held out his hand, which was yet not apparently noticed by Hugh.

"Why, you're petrified at my good fortune!" continued Glanville. "I see you did not anticipate such a rapid and prosperous termination of my wooing; but there's nothing like striking while the iron's hot, my good fellow. There let's shake hands on it."

Hugh Fleming sprang up from his chair, dashed aside the proffered hand, and strode the floor hastily.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" said Glanville. "You behave wonderfully like a rejected lover. Are you not going to congratulate me? That's friendly, upon my soul, and from the closest chum I have."

There was a conflict wild and terrible, yet brief in Fleming's heart. But when he once more came to the fire, and quietly sat down, there was no trace of it left but a paleness that might well escape observation. Forcing a quick, nervous laugh, he bent forward to Glanville, and grasped his hand.

"I was a fool," said he; "but it was a stunner, that it was. I'd no comprehension of how things were going on whatever. I on never knew that you and Julia had gone so fast. But it's a happy wooing that's a brief one. When does it come off?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW CAN A WOMAN TELL?

BY RITA.

He told me his love this morning,
With his dear hand clasping mine,
And he said, "God speed the dawning
When, sweet, I may call thee mine."
But my fond heart questioned softly,
Though loving him true and well,
"Will his love outlive all changes?"
Ah, how can a woman tell?

When the years shall bring their trials,
And the cares and the pains outweigh
The joys, to the little household,
As clouds might obscure the day,
Will the heart that has held mine fondly,
When maidenly ills befell,
As earnestly shield from sorrow?
Ah, how can a woman tell?

When the silvery threads are creeping
Through my tresses one by one;
When I lose my youth and beauty,
As many a wife has done,
Will his heart be mine as truly
As when in the flowery dell
He gave me his trusted promise?
Ah, how can a woman tell?

I glance at my sweetheart waiting,
His eyes they are clear and true;
"I will love him," my heart says gladly,
"I will trust him the wide world through.
I will be to him joy and comfort,
I will all other wives excel,
I will keep him with love's sweet magic,"
This much may a woman tell.

The Bridge Murder.

BY W. J. BRETT.

THE night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents—and as I occasionally looked over the high parapet of the Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, I could catch a glimpse of the rapid waters of the Seine flashing as they passed through the wide arches, even in the midst of gloom and obscurity.

I drew my cloak closely around me, and walked at a quick pace up and down the bridge. A murder, under circumstances peculiarly horrible and revolting, had been committed there the night before; and information had been received at the Prefecture, that a gang of desperate characters intended to haunt that quarter, in order to intercept any individuals who might be obliged to traverse the bridge in the dead of night. To prevent the commission of farther atrocities, a Gendarme was ordered to patrol the Pont Neuf, and that part of the Island which lies in its immediate vicinity, until some clue should be discovered to track the assassins.

This was in the year 1827, and it was the first time I had been appointed to a dangerous service. I had only been incorporated amongst the body about six weeks—and hitherto my duties had not compromise my safety. Now every thing was to be dreaded at the hands of the midnight murderers whose motions I was appointed to watch; and the utmost circumspection, keenness, and courage were necessary.

The hour of midnight struck at the College of Four Nations; and, as if it had waited for that gloomy hour to commence its rage, the storm, that had been for some time gathering, burst forth with appalling violence.

It was nearly one o'clock, and the storm continued with unabated violence. During the momentary silence that ensued immediately after a loud clap of thunder, hasty footsteps fell upon my ear, and a momentary struggle—as if it were between two or three men—took place at a little distance. I ran to the spot whence I fancied the noise proceeded—a sudden flash of lightning aided my steps—and at the moment when I laid my hand upon the arm of an individual against whom I ran, the splash of a heavy body falling into the waters below convinced me that a foul deed had been accomplished, and that I had arrived too late.

Without losing my presence of mind for one moment, I detained the person, whom I had secured in a firm grasp, and called loudly for assistance. The sounds of retreating footsteps instantly fell upon my ears, and I knew that one of the accomplices had escaped.

"Release me!" cried the voice of an evidently young man, in deepest agony—it was the voice of him whom I had arrested—"release me, and ample shall be your reward!"

"Not for worlds!" cried I, having entirely mastered his resistance, and effectually made him my prisoner.

"O think of my disgrace—of my ruin—of the infamy that will accrue to a noble house!" he continued his voice almost choked with inward emotion.

"Who are you?" said I, as I led him across the bridge towards the Island of the City.

"Oh! if I only thought that the revelation of my name—of my rank—and the certainty of a liberal reward from my poor old father—who, God knows! is ignorant of the vicious courses pursued by his son, his only son—his heir—oh! I would tell you all!"

"Monsieur," said I, in a determined tone of voice, "communicate nothing to me that you would not have repeated to my superiors; for to the guard-house must you go!"

In a few moments he was carefully secured there.

On the following morning I attended at the office of a Commissary of Police, and made my deposition. The accused was immediately sent for; and when he was taken into the presence of the magistrate, he was instantly recognised by that gentleman as a Monsieur St. Leon, the only son of a Count of the same name. His father was one of the richest and most respected noblemen in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but the accused, his son, was one of the most dissipated young men, and one of the most notorious gamblers in Paris. On being requested to give an account of himself, and explain the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred on the Pont Neuf, as related above, he obstinately denied the fact of a murder having been committed, persisted in declaring that the sound of no splash in the water had met his ears, and that he was as unjustly suspected as he had been shamefully detained.

At this stage of the examination, an individual, whom I recognised to be the porter of the Morgue, entered the office, and requested to speak to the Commissary of Police. An audience was accordingly granted in a private room; and when the magistrate re-entered the cabinet, his cheek was pale, and his countenance indicated extreme horror. A spectacle so unusual in a public functionary of the police produced an immediate and singular sensation within me. Meantime, the Commissary seated himself once more—reflected for some minutes—and then, suddenly turning to the prisoner, said, in an impressive tone of voice, "Unhappy young man! I can hardly believe the tale I have just heard:—and yet, if it be true, you must have mistaken one for another. A deadly deed was committed last night—a mangled corpse lies at the Morgue, exposed to public view at this moment—the features are disfigured, most probably by a concussion against the projecting stones of one of the pillars of the bridge—but a letter in the pockets of the deceased—a letter addressed to him—proves his identity with—listen, young man, and tremble—for that mangled corpse, with those lacerated features—that corpse is all that remains of your father!"

"O horror, horror! a parricide!" cried St. Leon, and he sank senseless on the floor, whence he was raised, and immediately conveyed to the prison of the Conciergerie, adjoining the Palace of Justice.

* * * * * *

"What o'clock is it now?" inquired St. Leon, in an almost inaudible tone of voice.

"Half-past six," was my reply.

'And they come at seven—do they not?" he added, convulsively.

"At seven precisely," I answered.

"Not a minute later—not even one single, paltry minute?" cried he, his tongue barely giving utterance to the words in which he thus expressed his wish to procrastinate the fatal moment as long as possible.

"Not a minute later," said I, unwilling to hold out delusive hopes to the wretched man.

"In another half-hour, then, they will be here!" exclaimed St. Leon, sitting up in his bed, and clasping his hands together as he spoke. "Oh! in half an hour they will be here—to—to lead me to—the—the scaffold!"

I shuddered as he spoke but did not venture an observation. I nevertheless inwardly hoped that it would not often come to my turn to keep my vigils by the bedside of a condemned malefactor during the last night he had to live.

"Is it possible," said he, after a short pause—"is it possible that my vicious predilections can have led me to commit so horrid a crime? Oh! no—it is impossible—thank God, it is a dream!—it is a dream—a fearful dream! Dumont," said he, in a more tranquil tone.

"Yes," was my answer; "what can I do for you?"

"Dumont," he continued, "I have had a most horrid dream! I fancied that I had murdered my own father—my good, my excellent father, with his white locks, and his kind smile, and his mild blue eyes that always beamed tenderly on me—that I did not respect those hoary locks—but that I was a parricide! Oh, all this I dreamt, Dumont—and it was a long, a very long dream! And then I fancied I was in the Conciergerie—in a dungeon, and watched by a Gendarme! And then I thought that my last hour was come—"

As he spoke, the clock struck seven.

"And that I heard footsteps in the corridor leading to my cell—"

At that very moment the heavy tramp of approaching feet, drawing nearer and nearer to the door, fell upon my ears.

"Then," continued the unhappy malefactor, "I dreamt that the clanking sounds of heavy keys were heard—"

And the keys clanked in the door as he uttered these words.

"And, lastly, that the myrmidons of justice came to take me to the guillotine! But, thank God it is all a dream!"

He ceased—the door flew open—and a couple of Gendarmes, with dark-lanterns in their hands, entered the cell. Although it was perfectly light in the open air, within the condemned dungeons all was gloom and obscurity. St. Leon gazed for one moment upon the military forms that stood before him, and then gave one loud, long, piercing shriek, which echoed far around, and which will ring in my ears till the last day of existence. At the same time, he exclaimed, "O God! O horror!—it is not then a dream!"

In a state bordering upon the most listless apathy, into which he relapsed almost immediately after this terrible expression of the deep—deep anguish of his mind, he was led to a room below, where he was forced to swallow a cup of coffee. Another malefactor was to be executed with him—he was already there, and was engaged in smoking his pipe with the utmost coolness. In ten minutes the Gendarmes proceeded to shave the hair away from the backs of the criminals' necks—their coat-collars were cut off, and every thing that might impede the fatal blow of the knife was carefully removed.

St. Leon was condemned to suffer the penalty due to the crime of parricide—viz., to walk to the place of execution with a black veil thrown over his person. The preliminaries being thus completed, the procession towards the scaffold began. An hour was required for the cart, in which the prisoners were conveyed, to reach the fatal spot where the guillotine was erected; for in those times executions took place at the Barriere du Trone. Once—and only once—during that awfully impressive journey, did St. Leon raise his head; it was when he ascended the steps leading to the platform of the guillotine. He cast one glance upwards—his whole frame trembled convulsively—his cheek became deadly pale—and a half-smothered cry escaped his lips. The other criminal exhibited as much courage as St. Leon did pusillanimity. He was the first to suffer, and he died like a hero, if such hardihood deserve so distinguished an epithet. His crime had also been murder.

St. Leon was then tied to the fatal plank, then perpendicular—his head hung almost upon his breast—he seemed unconscious of all that was going on till when the plank was lowered to a horizontal position, and then his lips faintly breathed these two words—"My father!" I stood near him on the scaffold—I saw the executioner apply his hand to the cord—the knife, already reeking with blood, fell—and the gory head of the parricide rolled into a basket beneath!

THE ART OF FLIRTING.—Apparently one of the most delightful, certainly one of the most dangerous as well as the most despicable occupations, is that silly waste of time and perilous playing with edged tools called generally flirting. No country holds the monopoly of this questionable diversion—the cruel employment for empty hearts and idle heads—this flinging of stones and arrows at a living mark, which, if sport to the one, is often death to the other; and both sexes sin alike in about equal proportions. Male flirts who do all but make the decisive offer, are matched with female coquettes, who lead men on to the conclusive confession, only to turn round blankly and say "No, I never meant it."

There are two kinds of flirts—the frivolous and the serious, the frothy and the sentimental. The first are of course the least dangerous, if the most contemptible; the last are the most wicked. Two frothy flirts sailing round each other with manifold dippings and salutes, like two yachts which will neither race nor sail apart, make good fun for the bystanders who read the various signals and understand the whole of the by play. They see that it means nothing when he sits out with her for a whole evening under the pretence of a headache and she refuses to dance with any one but himself under the pretence of being tired. They are only flirting as they lounge together on the settee in the dimmest corner of the little off-room and he plays with her fan while she twists her bracelets round her arms, or, if she is quite cool and knows her part to perfection, lets her hand lie idle in her lap, while only her lips and eyes move. Wanderers drift into the little sanctuary unawares, but are sure to drift out of it again. The rest are made to feel that they are not wanted, and that their presence is an intrusion. Though the room is nominally free to all, these two have usurped the sole possession.

This kind of open flirting exists only in England and America, where the woman, more especially the unmarried girls, are free. Even where flirting is allowed to the married—as in the southern nations, where the girls are kept alone prisoners and only their mothers may move in liberty—even, then, when the woman is forty no such open and confessed flirtations go on in society as do in the two great English speaking countries. Whether the result is favorable to manners and even morals, or the contrary, is a question on which much may be said.

Human nature demands gallantry in such circumstances as an absolute necessity—the inevitable outgrowth of the occasion; and, unless she is weaker and rasher than most, she has to take care of herself while paying back her entertainer in his own coin, shielding herself while attacking him, and above all things showing no fear. Hence flirting becomes, as we have said both an organized system of intercourse and a recognized fashion among the American youth, and the consequence are to be found in a certain dash and boldness and hardness and discretion all combined, whereby the parties engaged in the pleasant game seem always on the brink of danger and yet secure.

BIRD DESTRUCTION.—The numbers of birds that are netted in France are, perhaps, even greater than those which are shot. Thrushes and nightingales are caught by hundreds in a sort of net which is spread along the sides of a narrow, well-wooded lane, and, in combination with the inevitable decoy birds, proves extraordinarily effective. The means of destruction are so varied and ingenious that it is only wonderful that there any small birds left. Swallows alone have been tolerably exempt from persecution; not because they are less esteemed by the jaded palates of the south, but because of the extreme difficulty of shooting them. Powder in France is so dear that a swallow is literally not worth powder and shot. They might, indeed, be netted; but this is forbidden in their case by law. Once this prohibition was annulled for a time; but people found themselves threatened with a perfect plague of gnats and mosquitoes, and the law was re-established—not, however, before many thousands of swallows had been taken by the marshy Rhone banks. Very similar has been the experience of Switzerland, where swallows are now protected—almost too late, however, to repair the mischief that has been done—by heavy fines.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LIFE DECADES.—The Chinese speak of the decades of life as follows:—The age of ten, the opening degree; twenty, youth expired; thirty, strength and marriage; forty, officially apt; fifty, error knowing; sixty, cycle closing; seventy, rare birds of age; eighty, rusty visaged; ninety, decayed; one hundred, age's extremity.

GONE TO POT.—It is said this phrase comes from a tailor in Samarcand, who, living near a cemetery, had an earthen vessel on his counter into which he cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and thus kept count of the daily interments. At last, his own time came, and his neighbors on inquiry after him answered, "He has gone to pot, also."

BORNEO BATS.—An enormous species of day-flying bat quite common in this island place, and most weirdly supernatural appear on dull days; solemnly flying, from one tree to another, their great wings distended against the leaden sky overhead. I shot one which measured four feet six inches across its outspread wings, and its head was as large as that of a little terrier dog, and of a similar shape, being of a dark, foxy-brown color.

TRUE BLUE.—The first assumption of this phrase was made by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken up by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was in a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter and the usage of the Hebrews, so distinguishing themselves. And thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer. They decorated their persons with ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue."

SYNAGOGUES.—The Jewish synagogues or churches have no certain form; but they have each of them an altar, or rather table, upon which the Book of the Law is spread. At the east side there is a cupboard or chest called the Ark, in which the holy book, or roll of the law called the torah, is kept; and there are generally a great many lamps hung to the ceiling. The seats of the synagogues are so placed that the people always sit with their faces towards the elders, and the place where the law is kept; and the elders sit with their backs to this chest or ark, and their faces to the people. These places are the chief seats in the synagogues which the Pharisees sought after and for which our Lord condemns them. The women are separated from the men in a chamber, which joining to the synagogue, they can from thence hear and see what is done.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.—The ancient Greeks knew nothing of the domestic cat, although mice were known to them from the highest antiquity. Indeed, mice were at times very troublesome to the Greeks, whole districts being sometimes devastated by them and the people driven away, as they are by grasshoppers from some places nowadays. In order to cope in some measure with mice the older Greeks kept weasels or martens, tamed for the purpose. The weasel, in particular, occupied somewhat the same place in the world that the cat does now, and numerous fables and proverbs relating to the weasel, which are still current, originated at that period. The old Romans knew no more about cats than the Greeks, and it is only in the fourth century after Christ that mention begins to be made of the cats as a domestic animal.

LETTERS ON PIPES.—It is a matter of inquiry by smokers what the initials "T. D." on a large number of the clay pipes offered for sale all over New England mean. Thereby hangs a tale. There once lived in Newburyport, Mass., an eccentric genius named Dexter, who used to have his name written with the suffix, "My Lord Timothy." He was a great smoker, and invariably used a clay pipe manufactured at a clay pipe factory in that city. In order that his name or its initials might not be lost to posterity, Mr. Dexter endowed this factory, with the understanding that every pipe offered for sale should bear the initial letters of his name, and from the day of the endowment until the present time every clay pipe made by the Newburyport Manufacturing Company bears the twentieth and fourth letters of the alphabet, which, when Englished, mean Timothy Dexter.

ENGLISH WARRIOR'S REWARDS.—Marlborough got manors and broad estates, a sumptuous palace, and perpetual pensions. Wellington received marks of the national munificence in various instalments; a peerage and a pension after Talavera; increased rank and a double pension after Ciudad Rodrigo; a hundred thousand pounds after Salamanca; half a million more, to purchase an estate, at the close of the Peninsular war; after Waterloo an additional two hundred thousand pounds. Nelson got a couple of pensions for three lives; Rodney, a couple of thousand a year for himself and his heirs forever. Lord Lake, received a peerage and a pension; Lord Keane, the same after the Afghan campaign of 1839. Lords Hardinge and Gough were very liberally treated after the Sikh war, the first with a pension of eight and the latter with one of four thousand a year. More recently Sir Henry Havelock was granted a baronetcy, with a pension for three lives, after the relief of Lucknow. Sir Garnet Wolseley got a lump sum of five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and refused a baronetcy, for his "courage, energy and perseverance" in the Ashantee war.

JUDGE NOT.

BY W. O. S.

Do not judge the act so harshly,
God to you has never given
Right nor license to condemn—
That belongs alone to heaven.

Stay those words of unkind meaning
Check that cold, sarcastic tone—
He that's without sin among you
Be the first to cast a stone.

Speak not of her in words of censure,
She bears enough without thy blame;
Thy head to-day in pride uplifted
May on the morrow bow with shame.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE day was fine and bright on which Gabriel started from Barton Abbey, and his hopes were high.

To him it seemed almost impossible that a church register could be lost; he did not know how little such things were thought of in some old country churches. His hopes were as bright as the sunshine itself. He should find the register, obtain a copy of the marriage certificate and take it to his mother, and she would speak to the earl. With Cyril there would be no difficulty; on the contrary, it would be a relief to him to know that Gabriel would take his place. He, above all others, would be pleased to hear it. Perhaps if he had been well and strong and likely to live they might have had a struggle for the title. In that case Cyril might have come off victorious; as it was, Gabriel knew that nothing of the kind was likely to happen, that the whole of the property would be gladly given up to him when he produced the legal proof of his mother's marriage; and then if Lady May were still free he could woo and win the brilliant young beauty whom he loved with such passionate love.

As the train rushed through the quiet woodland scenes, a host of memories came to Gabriel; but the one which struck him most was the memory of a woman with dark, lustrous eyes. If he won Barton Abbey she might be his. The more he dwelt upon the memory of her the more certain was he that she had shown some signs of preference for him.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached Norham; but though he was accustomed to the quiet of the country, Norham surprised him. He had not believed that any place could be so shut out of the world.

Gabriel took up his quarters at the Bishop's Arms, which had some excellent rooms. There was a dining-room overlooking a little garden, a drawing-room containing a number of pretty shells and old-fashioned knick-knacks, and there were large bedrooms all fragrant with lavender. He was delighted with the quaint old house, and told Mr. Bond, the landlord, that he should probably remain there for some days.

After partaking of refreshment, Gabriel went out; he was longing to see the church in which his mother was married. He found it without any difficulty; and it looked such an ancient, drowsy, time-worn edifice, that for the first time it struck him as probable that that of which he was in search might not be forthcoming there. Few people had entered for the evening service, but it was proceeding all the same.

As Gabriel stood under the lime-trees the setting sun in all its splendor touching here and there the old gray church, the organ pealed forth. His heart swelled as he listened to the solemn strains, and his eyes filled with tears. He prayed, as he had never prayed before, that his mother's fair fame might be vindicated, and that, if Heaven willed it, he should have his own. There are moments in all men's lives when they seem to be nearer Heaven than at others, and to him this was one. While life lasted he would never forget the emotion that swept over him as he stood there. What good he would do, what noble deeds he would accomplish if he once won what was justly his own! But even then he was true to his beautiful mother. Better poverty, obscurity, even exile, than that a shadow should lie on her fair fame!

Presently he went inside the church. A flood of crimson light came from the western window, and he could imagine the peculiar effect of which his mother had spoken; the morning light would throw the shadow of the cross in front of the altar, just where she stood when she was married. His heart was full of emotion as he looked round the church. It was here, then, that his young mother had surrendered her freedom; from that altar began the married life which had been so tragically cut short; here she had uttered the vows which bound her to a man over whom the shadow of death already hung. His face grew pale, his lips trembled; it was a relief to him to kneel in the old-fashioned pew and pour out his soul in prayer.

He remained in the church until the service ended and the people who had attended went home. Then he wandered round the village, thinking much of the few hours his parents had spent there. If Captain Carlisle could have known what was to happen how careful he would have been! As it was, he merely laughed at the careless way in which the church-register was kept. If he could have foreseen the time when his son would come to that place, his whole life and future dependent on the finding of a marriage certificate, he would scarcely have acted as he did.

To Gabriel there came a strange, unreal feeling; it was as though he had read some romance, and was visiting the spot where the incident had happened. He walked through the quiet village. Every time he saw a pretty or picturesque spot he said to himself. "I wonder if my mother saw that." All his thoughts were of her. Then, when the church-clock struck nine, he went back to the Bishop's Arms, knowing that the morrow would end his suspense. Before the moon rose on the following night, he should know whether he would take his place as Lord Arden of Barton Abbey or remain as he had been—the supposed son of kindly Jane Holmes.

The next morning Gabriel rose early. He was terribly excited, and he could not still the trembling of his hands. He took a long walk, but the exercise did not benefit him; he tried to bring all his philosophy to bear on the matter which so engrossed him, but it was past philosophising about. There had never been a time when he could not in some measure command himself; but now he seemed to have lost the power. He prayed fervently, for he felt that he could rely so little on himself and needed so much the help that does not come from man.

It was soon after ten when he went to the rectory and asked to see Mr. Bourne. He was ushered into a room, and by-and-by the rector came in, wondering what had brought a visitor to Norham. He looked at Gabriel's card, and then said:

"Have I the pleasure of seeing the latest addition to the ranks of our poets? I read "Lyrics of Life and Love" only last week; and I cannot say how much I enjoyed it."

This was more than Gabriel had expected at Norham. His look of surprise amused the rector, for he hastened to add:

"You must not think that the people here are not lovers of literature; the fact is, I have plenty of time to devote to reading, and my favorite study is poetry."

After that they were good friends. When they had talked a little about Norham, Gabriel announced the object of his visit, and told the rector that he had come to search the church register for the verification of a certain marriage, and asked his assistance.

Mr. Bourne shook his head, doubtfully.

"In what year was the marriage celebrated?" he asked.

"In the year 18—," answered Gabriel; and again the rector shook his head, doubtfully.

"My dear sir," he said, "I had better tell you the plain truth. My predecessor, Mr. Haythorne, was a most excellent man; but he was here quite twenty years too long. He ought to have resigned the living when he was seventy—he lived here till he was nearly ninety, and everything went wrong. He was too old to tend to his duties; he let everything go to ruin. One of the first things I did was to hunt up all the old registers belonging to the church, and to put them in the best order I could; but I found many of the leaves missing, and I have not been able to recover them. However we will do our best. I will help you all I can."

Gabriel thanked him.

"I cannot tell you yet," he said, "the details of the story, for, if I do not find the registration, I shall never make the case public; it will all depend on whether I can find the entry in the register. I have the date of the marriage, so that I shall soon know the best or the worst."

"I will do all in my power to help you," Mr. Bourne told him; "but I am doubtful as to the result. I should not like to discourage you; but there has been no care taken—indeed I do not think that my predecessor even fancied the registers were of any use. I should not like to have anything of consequence depending on whether they were found or not."

"You do not give me much hope;" and Gabriel sighed.

"I do not feel that there are grounds for much," replied Mr. Bourne. "May I ask you one question? You will not think me curious or presuming?"

"Certainly not. I am only too pleased that you should take an interest in the matter at all. Ask me what you like."

"Has the search anything to do with yourself?"

Gabriel was silent for a few moments. He asked himself how much it would be wise to tell this courteous clergyman. He decided that he need not keep anything from him but names.

"I will be frank," he said. "It concerns me very much indeed; my name, fortune, and dearest happiness depend upon the issue of this search. If I find what I want, rank, wealth, and probably the girl I love will be mine; if I fail, I shall remain as I am—nameless, penniless, loveless; so that you see it is a very important matter for me."

"I feel deeply interested," returned Mr. Bourne; "and I hope with all my heart that you will succeed. Anything I can do to assist you I will. We had better go to the church first. Since I have been here I have purchased an iron safe, and in it I have placed the documents, registers, and everything else belonging to the church; but many of the registers are mutilated, some are moth-eaten, some quite illegible. I have kept them in excellent order for the last twenty years—indeed the law is much stricter now; it would be considered scandalous in these days to have any neglect or disorder of the kind. You may be fortunate enough to discover what you seek. I think you said you wanted to find the entry of a marriage."

"Yes," replied Gabriel gravely.

"Unfortunately the marriage registers have been treated worse than the others. Let me offer you a glass of sherry," asked the clergyman, "and then we will go to the church together."

Gabriel realized now the importance of what he had undertaken. It was more than a question of poverty or wealth. He should win or lose for all time the girl he loved so well; there was surely he thought, never so much at stake before. He was strong and fearless, yet, as he walked across the lawn and through a narrow lane to the church he trembled like an aspen. He wondered if on the morning of that clandestine marriage either of his parents felt as he did.

When they reached the church wherein the object of his search must be, if it existed at all, he sat down for a few minutes to compose himself.

"I must not act like a weak, hysterical girl," he said to himself, "though perhaps no man had ever more at stake."

The sun was shining upon the stained-glass window, upon the cross, and upon the pale figure with the thorn-crowned head; and, looking at it, a sense of peace stole over him. His suspense would soon be over—he would know whether he was to be a wealthy peer, with the woman he loved for his wife, or whether he was to remain poor and unknown.

"There is no such thing as chance," he mused; "nor do I believe in what people call fate. I am quite content to leave my future in the same Hand which clothes the orphan and feeds the sparrows. It shall be as Heaven wills about myself; but the thing dearest to me on earth is my mother's fair fame."

He rose and went into the vestry where the rector was waiting for him.

"I think we will examine the safe first," observed the rector, taking up a large bunch of keys. "I will give you the marriage-register, and you can look through them all."

In after days how often that scene returned to Gabriel!—the little vestry, with the large Bible and the hymn-books lying on the table, the little cupboards, the small square windows, through which one could see the old churchyard where the dead slept so soundly! Did ever one small room hold so many hopes, doubts and fears? he wondered.

"These books, Mr. Holmes," said the rector, "contain all the marriage entries for the last twenty years, which is the period of time that I have been here. You are quite sure of the date?"

"Yes, quite sure. The marriage took place in the year 18—."

"That was the year before I came," said Mr. Bourne.

"Yes; I know that the lady in whose interest I am making this search was married by the Reverend Mr. Haythorne. I remember the clergyman's name quite well. He died, I believe, soon afterwards"

"I will get you to look through the first of my volumes," said the rector.

He placed the book in Gabriel's hands. The young man slowly turned over the leaves. There was no trace of what he sought. In a few moments he returned the book to the rector.

"I thought it was unlikely," he remarked.

"I have made every entry there with my own hand, and I shall always remember the first marriage I ever celebrated in the church."

"Why?" asked Gabriel, resting his hand on the old oak table.

"It was a strange one. The morning dawned fair and bright enough; but as soon as the bride and bridegroom came into the church a most violent thunder-storm began. I shall never forget how the lightning flashed, nor the loud peals of thunder. Several times during the service I thought the steeple would fall. The bride was a pretty, dark-haired girl, with blue eyes. She was frightened; and, when we went into the vestry, she said, anxiously, 'Do you think this means bad luck for us, sir?' I tried to laugh away her fears; but truth to tell, I was not much less alarmed myself. The bridegroom said little. Once he looked up at me and said, 'It seems as though Heaven were angry, sir.' 'Let us hope such is not the case,' I replied. I might have forgotten the storm and the marriage but for what followed. Only one week afterward the girl-bride came back to see me—a widow already—to tell me that her husband had died on his wedding-day. They had gone to a watering-place on the west coast, and he went out to bathe. He was seized with a cramp and was drowned before her eyes. She told me she was sitting on the beach and saw him sink. They brought him back here to Norham; I will show you his grave presently. In less than six months she died, and was buried with him. I shall never forget the tragedy connected with my first marriage celebration here."

"You have good cause to remember it," said Gabriel.

"Do not be disappointed at your unsuccessful search," continued Mr. Bourne. "Look through the registers kept by Doctor Haythorne. Take the two last."

Gabriel took the volumes; and his hands trembled as he laid them down.

"These two registers," the rector went on, "contain the marriages that took place during the late rector's last years; but I am sorry to say you will not find them perfect. I did my best with them. I found some leaves out of place, here and there, and put them in proper order; but I could see that many were missing. Look through the entries at your leisure."

The rector went back into the church and pretended to occupy himself with something. He knew that whatever was the result the young stranger would prefer to be alone.

"I will not go back again," mused the kindly rector, "until I hear him move or speak. I should not like to go through such an ordeal, as that, to have so much depending on a scrap of paper."

Mr. Bourne went to the door of the church and stood watching the boughs of the lime tree as they waved and tossed in the breeze.

For some minutes Gabriel looked at the registers vacantly. He was afraid to open them; when he closed them again he should know his fate. His mother's sweet eyes and Lady May's beautiful face seemed to shine upon him from the cover. These books had all or nothing for him. It was little wonder that he hesitated before opening them.

A prayer rose from his heart to his lips as he opened the oldest volume first. He went through it carefully: there was no trace in it of his mother's marriage, and he closed it gently. He opened the second, turning at once to the latter part. Now Heaven help him to be patient and calm!

He began with the year 18—, the right year. He found two marriages entered in the month of February, three in April, one in May; his mother's marriage had taken place in June. The entries of the months of June, July and August were missing. There was one leaf for September; and the leaves for the rest of the year were missing.

He sat quite still for some time, overwhelmed by his bitter disappointment. The entry of his mother's marriage was not there. He could scarcely realize it at first. Then he said the words over to himself, to impress them on his mind.

"I can't find it; it is missing."

When he had repeated the words several times, the full sense of them came home to him. He had failed; his search was vain; he had lost all. Hoping against hope, he slowly went over the leaves again. He read each name; but that of Hilary Nairne was nowhere to be found. He sat quite silent and still. Mechanically he raised his head and looked through the small square window at the churchyard.

After all, it mattered little, he said to himself. A few more years, and he would be sleeping as those in the churchyard slept. What difference could it make whether on his grave stone the name of "Gabriel Holmes" or "Gabriel Arden" was chiseled? He must resign himself to his fate and be patient. It was all over, the hope that had stirred his blood; the sweet face of his love seemed to fade further and further from him.

He tried to school himself, so that when the time should come that brought disappointment with it he would bear it well. But his case was hard; he had so nearly reached the goal of his wishes, and now he had to retire. If he had never known of his golden chance of wealth and love, he would have been content all his life; but to know of it, to dream of it, and to lose it!

The chiming of the bells aroused him; for at the pretty old church the chimes played every three hours. The air now was "The Bluebells of Scotland;" and never while Gabriel lived did he forget it. He rose from his seat, and the rector, hearing the sound, returned from his contemplation of the lime-boughs.

"He has failed" thought the kindly clergyman. "If he had succeeded, he would have come to tell me so."

He went to the vestry, feeling sad at heart and sorry for the young man whose disappointment must be so great. He found him standing with his hand on the closed books; and, as he entered Gabriel looked up at him with a smile full of courage and patience.

"I can find no trace of that which I came to find," he said.

"I am sorry to hear it," returned Mr. Bourne. "You are quite sure that you have looked closely?"

"Yes," replied Gabriel. "I had too much at stake to be careless." He opened one of the registers. "The marriage took place," he said, "at the end of June. The leaves for the months of June, July, and August are missing; yet they do not seem to have been torn out."

The rector took the book from his hands.

"I remember the register. No, the leaves were not torn out; but for some months the book lay in a damp place in the crypt, and it literally fell to pieces. I put together all the leaves that I could find of the year; the later months are missing also."

"Yes, they are gone," said Gabriel, with a sigh. "How strange it is that the month on which so much depends should be missing!"

"I am heartily sorry," returned the rector. "But we will not give up all hope. You are quite sure that you have the correct date? It was June, 18—?"

"Yes there is no mistake on that point," answered Gabriel. "The date is right."

"I have not been in the crypt for many years," said the rector; "but we will go there. I remember that there are two very old oaken chests in it. It is just possible, despite my care and attention, that some leaves may have escaped me. If you like, we will go and see."

"You are very good to take so much trouble," replied Gabriel. "I shall be only too pleased to accompany you."

From one of the cupboards in the wall the rector took a lantern and some matches.

"It is very dark down there," he remarked. "I had better take a candle, too."

"I will carry that," said Gabriel.

They went down—the rector with the lantern and Gabriel with the candle—a steep flight of steps leading to a long passage, at the end of which was another flight; then came the crypt. It had a damp, musty odor; the walls were dripping with moisture, and the floor was wet.

"I should think this place is the 'happy hunting-grounds' of rats," observed Gabriel smiling.

"If you were to believe my parishioners, worse things than rats are to be found here," replied the rector. "They say it is haunted; none of them would come down here for a fortune."

"That is what I have come for," laughed Gabriel, his hopes reviving a little at the sight of the oaken chests. "Surely the missing leaves must be there!"

The rector put down the lantern while he unfastened the first and largest chest. It was covered with a green mold, and was difficult to open. When the lid was propped up against the wall, the rector asked Gabriel to come nearer with the light. He held the candle over the chest, and with anxious eyes they examined the contents. There was nothing of the least interest or value in it. The chest had evidently been used as a receptacle for such rubbish as might be lying about. There were an old candlestick, a broken lock, tattered hymn-books, and other things, but no trace of the missing leaves.

"They are not there," said the rector, at length; "that is quite certain. Now let us search the other."

They looked, but with the same result.

"I shall not give up the search yet," observed the rector. "There is some peculiar quality in human nature that forces a man to continue a search, however hopeless he may be, when he has once begun it. Do you not think so? It is the same kind of quality that makes a good angler. I think so."

"Yes. I agree with you," responded Gabriel.

"I remember, as though it were yesterday," continued the rector, "the morning I came down here first. I found the place filled with almost every description of rubbish. I could get no one to help me; even the sexton refused to render me any assistance. He declared he would sooner open a grave at midnight."

"It is a ghastly-looking place," said Gabriel; "but it would have seemed very bright to me had I found here what I wanted."

"Yes; it would not have looked so gloomy in that case."

Then slowly and carefully they examined the whole place. But there was no trace of what they wanted.

"Have you really much at stake?" asked the rector suddenly.

"Yes—everything that is worth living for."

"A large fortune."

"Yes," replied Gabriel—"a large fortune."

"Then," said the rector, "why not advertise! These leaves, which are of such vital importance to you may be lying now unnoticed in some of the houses or cottages about here; the children used to steal what they could. Why not advertise?"

"I cannot," said Gabriel with a sigh.

"Advertise and offer a large reward. If the leaf of the register is in existence you will obtain it then."

"If I knew that by advertising for what I want I should get it the next day, I could not and would not advertise."

"Well, no doubt you have your own reasons," said Mr. Bourne; "and I dare say, they are weighty ones."

"No," continued Gabriel musingly, "I cannot advertise. Unless I find what I want by private search, I shall never find it at all."

"Could you not do it in such a way that the names would be suppressed?" asked the rector.

"I would not risk it," replied Gabriel—"nothing would induce me to risk it."

"I think we have been all over the crypt," said the rector, lowering his lantern so that he might see along the floor.

Gabriel looked at him.

"Tell me," he said, "what you think yourself. Have I any chance? Have I the ghost of a chance?"

"In all candor I must say 'No,'" replied the rector. "I was so careful myself in collecting every morsel of paper that I cannot believe I overlooked any. If those leaves had been in existence, I should have found them. I am afraid they have been destroyed in the crypt. Still we should not leave one stone unturned."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PATIENTLY and with a perseverance that was deserving of success Mr. Bourne and Gabriel examined almost every crevice in the old church. They went up into the belfry, the did not leave one spot unvisited or unsearched; but it was all in vain.

Then the rector stood still and looked at the refined face before him.

"I will send for the clerk," he said. "Every minute I spend with you I like you better and feel more interested in you. I shall ever regret it if I do not help you all I can."

In a few minutes the clerk stood before them, looking very flushed and embarrassed. He became interested at once when he heard why he was wanted.

"I always said, sir that the day would come when there would be inquiries about those papers. I know it; it was not right, the way they were left about. My father was clerk before me in the old rector's time, and I have heard him say many and many a time that there would be mischief come of it. My father gathered a lot of the papers together; but the old rector, sir, he said they were of no account, that no one of any importance was ever married here."

"It has caused mischief enough in this case," said Mr. Bourne. "Can you suggest anything, Brown? Do you think there is any place that we have forgotten? I should like to know."

"I am afraid," replied the clerk, "that further search will be quite useless."

"I should like you to help," continued the rector. "We have examined the vestry and the crypt, looked into every cupboard and overhauled every shelf, but have found no trace of what we seek."

"No; and I don't believe that anyone will," said the clerk.

"There is a reward offered for the recovery of this, missing entry, I believe?" interrogated the rector. He looked at Gabriel as he spoke.

"Yes, a hundred pound will be given to any one who brings any information, and two-hundred for the register leaf itself," replied Gabriel. He knew that if it were two thousand Lady Lulworth would cheerfully pay it.

"Two hundred pounds;" exclaimed Brown, with a look of utter bewilderment. "Why, that would make me a rich man for life! If the entry is to be found, I will find it; you may rely upon that, gentleman. And I will begin at once. No one knows the ins and outs of the old place as well as I do."

"You have not heard of any of these lost leaves being found anywhere, have you, or if there are any lying about?" asked the rector.

"No, nothing lately," replied the clerk. "I will tell you what I intend to do, sir. If looking round here does no good, I shall go to the sexton's cottage. I remember that James Tunbill used to take home with him all the rubbish found lying about in the church; there might be the shadow of a chance that some of the leaves are at the cottage. But I shall go over the crypt first."

The rector shook his head as the clerk withdrew.

"Do not allow anything," he said, "to raise your hopes, Mr. Holmes. The very mention of such a sum is sufficient to turn Brown's head. I am afraid there is no chance. I should not like to mislead you; though I must confess I had great hopes of the crypt."

"Then you do not think the clerk will accomplish anything?" said Gabriel in a tone of great disappointment.

"No; I'm afraid not. I do not see the least ground for hope. Still, you know the old motto, '*Nil desperandum.*'"

Gabriel tried to smile.

"I know that, when sung by a good singer, there is no better song than *Nil desperandum*, but I am afraid that in my case there is little else but despair."

The rector was of the same way of thinking. He did not say so, however; he merely returned—

"'We must do our best
And leave the rest,

says the old song. Will you come back to the rectory with me and take some refreshment? You look tired."

"I am terribly disappointed," answered Gabriel. "It is better for me to say so than to pretend that I am not. I will go with you gratefully, and I beg of you to have patience with me. I am out of heart."

The kindly rector turned aside, pretending to be engrossed with something, while he gave the young stranger time to recover himself. He would not notice the murmurs that sounded like deep-drawn, bitter sobs; he would not see the tears that rolled down the young man's cheeks while he looked around him—on the time-worn walls of the old church, on the altar before which his young mother had plighted her troth, on the stained glass window with its magnificent colors, on the shadow of the cross that lay now as it had lain years before, when his fair mother in her girlish beauty had stood there. A feeling of keen, bitter disappointment came over him. Not until now, when his hopes were all blighted, did he know how much he had hoped.

Then he went to the rectory, and partook of the rector's simple repast. Mrs. Bourne was very kind to him—all women were—something in his face won their hearts. The rector's wife saw that he was in trouble, and the rector told her that it was about a leaf that was missing from one of the marriage-registers. Mrs. Bourne looked at her husband with a sigh.

"I always feared this," she said, "and so did you. I am sorry it has happened in this way, though. Have you looked everywhere?"

"Yes," the rector answered, using his favorite phrase—"we have not left a stone unturned."

Hoping to cheer Gabriel, the kindly lady told him some wonderful stories of lost deeds. One was of a deed of settlement, on the recovery of which depended the gaining of a fortune. She told how it was searched for and advertised, and how eventually a reward of five hundred pounds was offered for it. At last it was discovered by a clerk; it had been cut to pieces and tied over pots of jam, and the lucky finder had the reward. Another story was of a lost will. It was searched for and advertised, a large reward being offered, but for some years in vain; and then it was found quite by accident. A laborer's child, seeing it lying on the ground, had picked it up and made a pincushion-cover of it.

"So that we must never abandon hope," said the rector's wife; and Gabriel felt his spirits revive. "Why not advertise for it?" continued Mrs. Bourne. "That's the surest way of finding it."

"There are reasons why I cannot," replied Gabriel. "I might advertise the year and the day, but not the names; so the proceeding would be useless."

"Yes, I see that," she answered. "I am sorry that you should have to bear what must be a great disappointment."

"Yes," said Gabriel, "it is that to me—great and bitter. You do not think," he went on, looking up suddenly, "that it would be of any use to search here—in this house?"

"No," replied the rector, "I do not. Since I have been here I have made it a rule that the books and papers and all documents belonging to the church should be kept in their places; and to my certain knowledge they have never once, any of them, been in the rectory. I will, however, have a most minute search made, but before it begins, I know it will be useless."

The servants were called in and told what was the matter and for what they were to search.

"None of these domestics were with the old rector, of course?" said Gabriel.

"Yes, the groom, Tom Benton was with him. We will question him, and see if he knows anything about the church books."

The groom was called in, and once more a slight hope revived in Gabriel's breast. The man remembered well the state of disorder and confusion in which all the registers were kept; above all, he remembered clearly that the one in use the year that his master died was falling to pieces. He had heard some one speak to Doctor Haythorne about it, but he knew no more; and he gave it as his opinion that the missing leaves were undoubtedly lost. He had a vague idea about a marriage on the day before his master died, but he could not remember clearly who it was.

Gabriel's face grew pale again. He laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"You seem," he said, "to know more about those times than any one else. Remember, if you can put the missing leaf into my hand, I will put two hundred pounds into yours."

"I will find it if it is to be found," returned the man.

And Gabriel said to himself that there was this comfort at least—he should have a few persons at least to aid him.

"There is no one else who lived with the old rector, I suppose?" he asked.

"One person more," answered Mr. Bourne; "but she is not here—the housekeeper, Mrs. Clewes. She is more than sixty years of age, and she came to live with Doctor Haythorne when she was quite young. She knew and understood all his affairs. She told me that she herself had often remonstrated with him about the careless way in which his papers were kept. She has lived with me ever since the rector's death."

"I should like to see her," said Gabriel quickly. She must have been at Norham when his mother was married and would naturally feel more interested in such an event than a man could. She might remember the marriage—his mother was so beautiful that no one could forget her who had once seen her."

But there was another disappointment for him. Mrs. Clewes had gone to Wales to see her only sister, who was very ill. She would not return for a fortnight.

"If you will permit me," said Gabriel, "I will come here on her return. I should like to see her."

"I shall be delighted to have you with us again," said Mr. Bourne. "She will be able to talk over the late rector's affairs with you. But I am sorely afraid she knows nothing of the last entries—indeed, I may say that I am quite sure she does not, and for this reason—she was one of those who helped me, as did Brown, the clerk, to get the papers together. She searched—I remember it well—the rector's bureau and the shelves in the library; and we came to the conclusion that we had found all that was to be found. It stands to reason, you see, that, if she had known of anything further, she would have put it with the rest."

"Yes, I understand that," replied Gabriel. "Yet I should like to have an interview with her. Perhaps she might have some recollection of the marriage, although that would not help us without the registered proof."

"I think it would be as well for you to see her," interrupted Mrs. Bourne; "but I am of my husband's opinion that she knows nothing of the missing register leaves. If you will leave me your address, I will write to you at once when she returns, and we shall be very pleased Mr. Holmes, to receive you as our guest here. You must not think of going to the inn again. I wish, with all my heart, that you had met with more success, and I am sorry you have not been able to see Mrs. Clewes."

* * * * * *

Gabriel bore his disappointment bravely. He felt that he could not remain at Norham. The sight of the old church where his mother had been married was painful to him; and the evidence that would have made him Lord Ardean and master of Barton Abbey had been lost or destroyed there. He must go back now to Holmhurst and tell his mother that he had failed in his search. The church, the stained-glass window, the row of lime-trees in the churchyard, were just as she had described them to him; but that which he had expressly came for was, alas! not to be found. Even in that moment of supreme disappointment his first thought was for his mother. He wondered whether his failure would grieve her, whether it would be a keen sorrow to her, and he was puzzled in what words to tell her of his unsuccessful quest.

Although he summoned all his philosophy to his aid, still he felt it was very hard to have been so near the possession of a large fortune and then to lose it.

"Good-by!" said Gabriel to the sleepy little town when he was leaving it. "I leave my last hope with you."

His journey back to Helmhurst differed greatly from his journey to Norham. Then his spirits were high and hope filled his heart and made the whole world fair and bright to him. Now all illusions were dispelled, and he knew that a life of toil lay before him, unsweetened by even the faintest hope of winning his heart's love.

His thoughts were sad ones as he drew near the manor-house. He remembered the smile on his mother's face as she bade him farewell. He felt like a warrior who had lost a battle.

The countess was out driving when he reached the manor-house; Rose and Ru were with her. But the earl was at home, and was delighted to see him again.

"To tell the truth, Gabriel," he said, "I felt half annoyed that you should have left me in that fashion. I should not have given way but that I saw Lord Ardean was ill and really wanted you. Lady Lulworth has missed you, too. She is better; but has seemed dull and low-spirited lately. However, I am glad to see you back again. Have a glass of sherry, Gabriel; and then if you like go and meet Lady Lulworth. She will be very pleased to see you, I am sure."

Gabriel asked which road he should take to meet her, and the earl told him that she had gone for a drive to the Lady's Well.

"You will most likely find her there now," added Lord Lulworth. "She took a basket of fruit with her for the children. She will be delighted to have a companion like yourself."

So Gabriel started on his errand. Knowing his mother's quickness of perception, he felt sure that she would guess that he had failed the moment her eyes rested on his face. He knew the way to the Lady's Well. It was a pretty sheet of water shut in by tall trees. Rose and Ru liked to play there because the water was broad enough to sail a little boat, and not deep enough, even if they fell in, to drown them.

His heart beat fast when he saw his mother under the trees. Lady Lulworth looked much better, but she was paler and thinner. He saw the lines that care and trouble and sorrowful thoughts had left on her lovely features.

She started when she saw him, and her eyes seemed to read not only his thoughts, but his heart. She held out both her hands to him.

"Gabriel!" she cried; and the sound of her voice stirred his whole soul like sweetest music.

Before she had time to say more, Rose and Ru ran up to him with a clamorous greeting. He kissed the rosy faces, and then had to see why Ru's boat would not sail, and Rose's little yacht persisted in turning upside down. Having set these matters right and promised to assist in the launching of a small frigate, he was allowed to return in peace to his mother's side.

"Sit down, Gabriel—here—by me," she said. "I know. I see by your face, my dear, that you have bad news."

He kissed the white hand that held his so lovingly.

"You are right, my dearest mother. I have bad news."

"You could not find the registration?"

"No; neither I nor any one else. It is either lost or destroyed."

And then he gave her a faithful account of his journey.

A low cry came from her lips as he finished.

"Oh, Gabriel, how I should like to see that old church once more! Ah me, how little I thought when I stood there that my marriage would end so tragically! And this Mrs. Clewes—will she be able to throw any light on the matter, do you think?"

"No, he answered, "I have not the faintest hope of it. Still I will go to see her. Mother, dearest, it is all over. I am sure."

She was silent for some moments; and then she said:

"And that means, Gabriel?"

"That means, sweetest mother, that I renounce all cheerfully. I would rather renounce a thousand times more than cause you one moment's pain."

"My dear son," she murmured, "I knew it would be so. I had faith in you; but it seemed hard."

"I am none the worse off," he said, trying to speak gayly, so as to cheer her. "On the contrary, I have gained that which is dearer to me than the noblest title or the largest fortune. I have found the love of the dearest and most beautiful of mothers."

"I have been a most selfish and unworthy mother," returned the countess, with a sigh. "Ah, Gabriel, now that I see you in the pride of your manhood, I regret exceedingly that I followed my aunt's advice! I wish that I had made my marriage known, submitted to all the consequences of it, and devoted my life to you."

"Even with the knowledge you have now mother, would you have given up all the world for me?"

—Her eyes lingered for a few moments on Rose and Ru; then she turned to him.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "it is true, Gabriel. I love you better than any one else in the world."

Mother and son were silent for a few minutes—silent from sheer excess of happiness; and then Gabriel said, gently:

"I wonder if all mothers and sons love each other as much as we do?"

Lady Lulworth laughed a sweet, musical laugh, and answered:

"I am vain enough to think, Gabriel, that no other mother has such a son;" while he declared that no other son had such a mother.

She laid her hand on the golden head bent in such loving reverence before her.

"Tell me, Gabriel—did you feel greatly disappointed when you found that there was no hope for you?"

"Yes," he owned, frankly, "I did."

"What did you feel the loss of most?"

"Believe me," he cried, "it is not the title, the fortune, or the beautiful Abbey, with its mine of treasures, that I regret the most. My chief sorrow is now that you cannot possibly own me for your son. I can never dare to show you the respect and the love that my heart prompts. Although we are bound together by the dearest of ties, we must still be strangers."

"It is hard," said Lady Lulworth as she watched his trembling lips—"very hard. I know it is all my fault; but it might have been much worse. As it is, we meet; it is a

recognized thing that we are patroness and *protege*. I can be kind to you in a motherly way, and you can be attentive to me' It might, oh, my dearest, have been much worse! What should I have done had you been where I could never see you? I have so much to thank Heaven for, after all. I have thought sometimes that no better plan could have been devised than the one which brought you to live near me, my beloved son!"

As they sat by the side of the dimpling water, they could hear the song of the birds in the trees and the voices of the children at play.

"Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth, slowly, "I do not think that I can bear it. I can never live again in peace, knowing you to be the true Lord Ardean, the rightful heir of Barton Abbey, and knowing also that it is for my sake you forego everything. Oh, if you could have but found the proof of my marriage—if we could but get any proof of it!"

"My dearest mother, the thing that above all others will pain me will be to see you grieve. You perceive how hopeless the case is. Let us be content as we were before.

"If what you tell me about Cyril is correct," said the countess, "it will be a double wrong should that which ought in all honor to be yours pass to some one who has no claim or right but that of most distant relationship. Ah, Gabriel, it is not just! The knowledge of it would kill me. I will sacrifice myself; not you!" she added, vehemently. "I will do that which I did not think any torture could make me do. I will make known my marriage with your father, and I will sue for your rights. I must do it, Gabriel, or die!"

He looked at her with a pale, unflinching face.

"You shall never do it!" he said. "If you did, and won the title for me, I would not take it! Oh, mother, do you not believe me when I say that one hair of your dear head is worth all to me? Do you think that I could live if I knew that your name was handled from lip to lip, your story discussed, your beautiful love dream, with its unhappy ending, laid bare to the world? Do you think that, even to win for me a kingdom, I would let your husband look coldly upon you, your children wonder in after-life what was the story connected with their mother's name? Do you think I would let the least shadow rest on your name? I want but one inheritance, and that is your love. Give me that priceless boon, and let all else perish!"

His handsome face, radiant with love and devotion, was raised to hers. He would have given the last drop of his blood for her. No wonder she loved him with a love she could feel for no other! Her tears fell fast as she kissed him. Was ever son, she thought, so staunch, so true?

"Let us forget our disappointment, mother," he said. "Remember that, if I were selfish enough to let you sacrifice yourself for me, it would be in vain; neither your oath nor the oath of any other would be of any avail unless the church registration were found. When we are alone, we may be mother and son; when we are not alone, we must keep our old characters of benefactress and *protege*. And see, dear mother—lightly as I blow away this thistledown, so do I banish all dreams of ever being anything but your loving son Gabriel Holmes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Secret.

BY HENRY FRITH.

NATHALIE DE HAUTEVILLE was twenty- two years old, and had been a widow for three years. She was one of the prettiest women in Paris.

Married at eighteen to a man of three times her own age, Nathalie only thought of the delight of having so many new dresses, of carrying a *bouquet* of orange flowers, and of hearing herself called "Mrs." M. de Hauteville was rich—he loaded his young bride with presents—but a year had scarcely elapsed in this manner, when he was carried off by a short illness.

Her grief for the good man was sincere and strong. But in youth sorrow does not last long; and Nathalie, considering herself too young to live entirely alone, invited M. d'Ablaincourt, an old uncle of hers, to come and live with her.

M. d'Ablaincourt was an old bachelor; he had never loved any thing in this world but himself; he was an egotist, too lazy to do any one an ill turn, but at the same time too selfish to do any one a kindness, unless it would tend directly to his own advantage.

M. d'Ablaincourt accompanied his niece when she mixed in the gay world, but, sometimes, when he felt inclined to stay at home, he would say to her—"My dear Nathalie, I am afraid you will not be much amused this evening. They will only play cards; besides, I do not think any of your friends will be there. Of course, I am ready to take you, if you wish to go. You know I have no wish but to please you."

And Nathalie, who had great confidence in all her uncle said, was easily persuaded to stay at home, saying—"Well, I believe you are right."

Again, the garden was out of order; the trees before the old gentleman's window must be cut down, because their shade would doubtless cause a dampness in the house, prejudical to Nathalie's health.

Nathalie was a coquette; accustomed to charm, she listened with smiles to the numerous protestations of admiration which she received. She sent all who aspired to her hand to her uncle, saying—"Before I give you any hope I must know my uncle's opinion."

It is likely that Nathalie would have answered differently if she had ever felt a real preference for any one: but heretofore she seemed to have preferred her liberty.

The old uncle, for his part, being now master in his niece's house, was very anxious for her to remain as she was. A nephew might be somewhat less submissive than Nathalie. Therefore, he never failed to discover some great fault in each of those who sought an alliance with the pretty widow.

Things were in this state when, at a ball, one evening, Nathalie was introduced to a M. d'Apremont, a captain in the navy.

Nathalie raised her eyes, expecting to see a great sailor, with a wooden leg, and a bandage over one eye; when, to her great surprise, she beheld a man of about thirty, tall and finely formed, with two legs and two eyes.

Armand d'Apremont had entered the navy at a very early age, and had arrived, although very young, to the dignity of a captain. He had amassed a large fortune, in addition to his patrimonial estates, and he had now come home to rest after his labors. As yet, however, he was a single man, and moreover, had always laughed at love.

But when he saw Nathalie, his opinions underwent a change. He inquired—"Who is that pretty woman who dances so well?"

"That is Madame de Hauteville. Is she not handsome, captain?"

"Oh, yes—she is—perfect."

"Yes, and she has as many graces of the mind as of body. Ask her to dance the next set, and you will find I am right."

"Ah! but I do not dance."

And for the first time in his life he regretted that he had never learnt to dance; but he kept his eyes constantly fixed on Nathalie.

At last, the report of Nathalie's new conquest reached the ears of M. d'Ablaincourt, and, one evening, when Nathalie mentioned to her uncle that she expected the captain to spend the evening with her, the old man grew almost angry.

"Nathalie," said he, "you act entirely without consulting me. I have heard that the captain is very rude and unpolished in his manners. To be sure, I have only seen him standing behind your chair; but he has never asked me after my health. I only speak for your interest, as you are so giddy."

Nathalie begged her uncle's pardon for her inconsiderateness in acting on her own responsibility, and even offered not to receive the captain's visit, if her uncle desired it; but this he forbore to require—secretly resolving not to allow his visits to become too frequent.

But how frail are all human resolutions—overturned by the merest trifle. In this case, a game of backgammon was the unconscious cause of Nathalie's becoming Madame d'Apremont.

The captain was an excellent hand at backgammon. When the uncle heard this, he proposed a game; and the captain, who understood that it was important to gain the uncle's favor, readily acceded.

This did not please Nathalie. She preferred that he should be occupied with herself. When all the company were gone, she turned to her uncle saying—"You were right, uncle, after all. I do not admire the captain's manners; I see now that I should not have invited him."

"On the contrary, niece, he is a very well behaved man. I have invited him to come here very often, and play backgammon with me—that is—to pay his addresses to you."

Nathalie saw that the captain had gained her uncle's heart, and she forgave him for having been less attentive to her. He soon come again, and, thanks to the backgammon, increased in favor with the uncle.

He soon captivated the heart of the pretty widow, also. One morning, Nathalie came blushing to her uncle.

"The captain had asked me to marry him. What do you advise me to do?"

He reflected for a few moments. "If she refuses him, d'Apremont will come here no longer, and then no more backgammon. But if she marries him, he will be here always, and I shall have my games." And the answer was—"You had better marry him."

Nathalie really loved Armand; but she would not yield too easily. She sent for the captain.

"If you really did love me—"

"Ah, can you doubt it?"

"Hush! do not interrupt me. If you really love me, you will give me one proof of it."

"Any thing you ask. I swear—"

"No, you must never swear any more; and, one thing more, you must never smoke. I detest the smell of tobacco, and I will not have a husband who smokes."

Armand sighed; but he answered—"I will submit to any thing you require. I will smoke no longer."

The wedding was soon celebrated; and when they appeared, afterwards, in the gay world, the surprise was great that the coquette should have married a sailor. The first months of their marriage passed very smoothly; but sometimes Armand became thoughtful, restless, and grave; but Nathalie, for a while, did not notice it.

Finally she became jealous.

"He loves some other woman perhaps."

But she was not to be duped. She sent for a little errand boy, of whose intelligence she had heard a great deal.

"M. d'Apremont goes out every evening."

"Yes, madame."

"To-morrow, you will follow him; observe where he goes, and come and tell me privately. Do you understand."

"Yes, madame."

Nathalie waited impatiently for the next day, and for the hour of her husband's departure. At last, the time came—the pursuit is going on—Nathalie counted the moments. After three-quarters of an hour, the messenger arrived, covered with dust.

"Well," exclaimed Nathalie, "speak! tell me every thing you have seen!"

"Madame, I followed M. d'Apremont, at a distance, as far as the Marais in the Rue Vielle du Temple, where he entered a small house in an alley and he is there still."

"Well, now run to the corner, and get me a hack, and direct the coachman to the house where you have been."

Whilst he was going after the hack, Nathalie hurried on her hat and cloak, and ran into her uncle's room saying—

"I have found him out. But I will go and confound him, and then you will see me no more."

The old man had no time to reply. She was gone, with her messenger in the hack. They stopped at last.

"Here is the house."

Nathalie got out pale and trembling.

"Shall I go up stairs with you, madame?" asked the boy.

"No, I will go alone. The third story, is it not?"

"Yes, madame: the left door at the head of the stairs."

Nathalie mounted the dark narrow stairs, and arrived at the door, and, almost fainting, she cried —"Open the door. or I shall die?"

The door was opened, and Nathalie was received in her husband's arms, who was alone in the room, smoking a Turkish pipe.

"My wife!" exclaimed Armand, in surprise.

"Yes, sir, your wife; who, suspecting your perfidy, has followed you, to discover the cause of your mysterious conduct!"

"How, Nathalie, my mysterious conduct? Look, here it is!" showing his pipe. "Before our marriage, you forbade me to smoke and I promised to obey you. For some months I kept my promise; but you know what it cost me; you remember how irritable and sad I became. I hired this little room, at a distance from home, and here I keep this great box, in which I always lock my coat before I bring out my pipe: so that on my return, you may not be offended by the odor. This all my mystery. Forgive me for my disobedience, since I have done all I could to conceal it from you."

Nathalie embraced him, crying—"Oh, no! I might have known it could not be! I am happy now, and you shall smoke as much as you please, at home. I will never make any opposition to it, and you need hide your pipe no longer."

And Nathalie returned to her uncle, saying—"Uncle, he loves me! He was only smoking; but hereafter he is to smoke at home."

The Alligator.

BY W. BURTON.

OH MY! Mrs. Smith, did you hear the news?"

Land's alive! no—what is it?"

"Awful—awful, indeed!"

"Mrs. Jones, you frighten me—do tell me what you mean!"

"Why, you remember Mrs. Simpson's maid Jane, don't you?"

"To be sure I do—a nicer, tidier, genteeler gal in her situation wasn't to be found in the whole village. What of poor Jane? You don't mean to say that she's got married?"

"Mrs Smith, don't *emancipate* me—I never like to be interrupted in a sad story."

"Poor Jane—poor thing! Who'd a thought she'd a gone to a thrown herself away in that ere kind of manner! Who's it to, Mrs. Jones?"

"I declare, Mrs. Smith, you're too *infectious* for anything in the world. If you don't choose to let me go on, you may tell the story yourself."

"Well, well, Mrs. Jones, pray excuse me. Do go on—when was the poor thing married?"

"Worse than being married! Mrs. Jones, the thing's impossible."

"Perhaps if you were in poor Jane's place, you would not think so."

"Well, my dear, you raly do alarm me: do relieve me from this state of *expense*, and tell me, at once, what has happened."

"Well, now, don't interrupt me. You must know Jane went down last week to Egg Harbor, to see her cousin. Her cousin lives close on the beach there, and is married to Tom Wells, who keeps the hotel. Well, there was plenty of company, and there they was, going into the *saurf* every day, ladies and gentlemen, and all together—oh it's a horrid thing, this sea bathing—don't you think so, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear, werry dreadful—its downright indecent. I wonder how genteel folks can think of going into the water in such shocking *dishabel*."

"That's jist what I say, my dear; but as I was saying, they all goes into the water, and Jane among the rest, and when they were just turning about to come out of the water, you see, there comes along a tremendous big crocodile,"—

"Mrs. Jones, pray lend me your salts."

"And before she could say Jack Robinson, eats poor Jane up, in the presence of the whole company, just with as much ease as you could eat a buttered muffin."

"Oh, shocking! I declare I feel quite *historical*. But are you sure, my dear, that the creature was a crocodile—I can't help thinking it must have been a shark."

"No, Mrs. Smith, I'm certain sure it was a crocodile—I had the thing from Mrs. Wilson, of course—but I didn't know we had any crocodiles in this country—I thought they all lived in the river Nile."

"La, my dear, how could you think so, when Mrs. Wilson says they don't—but, bless my soul, here she comes, and now you may ask her for yourself."

And Mrs. Wilson entering as she spoke, made up the trio of old crones.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Wilson," cried Mrs. Jones, "how do you do. I have just been telling Mrs. Smith this shocking affair of poor Jane Clark. Now do tell us, to settle all disputes—was it a crocodile or a shark?"

"Oh, my dear creature," answered Mrs. Wilson, in a drawling tone, "it was a crocodile—it was certainly a crocodile, by all manner of means. How could any one for a moment think otherwise, when I had it from dear Mrs. Tomkins' own dear self, and she knows all the particulars."

Just at this moment, a servant entered to inform Mrs. Jones that some one wished to speak with her in the entry, the old woman immediately rose and followed her maid, but she had scarcely reached the outside of the door, before, with a loud scream, she rushed back into the parlor, and throwing herself into a chair, covered her face with both her hands.

Both the other ladies instantly ran to her assistance—

"My dear Mrs. Jones, what is the matter?"

"Oh!" sobbed Mrs. Jones, "her ghost! her ghost! she's out in the entry now—poor thing! why didn't they give her decent burial? oh! oh?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Wilson—"but how could they do it, when the hungry crocodile left them nothing to bury."

"That's very true," whispered Mrs. Jones—"but why, my dear should the girl haunt me!—why don't she go and scare Mrs. Tomkins?"

"I don't want to scare no body," said Jane Clark, popping her head into the room.

"Ah, there she is again," screamed Mrs. Jones, as she once more covered her face with her hands, while the other two ancient dames tumbled over one another into the far corner of the room.

"In the name of goodness" said Mrs. Smith, "do go away—can't you lay still in the crocodile."

"Poor spirit," exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, quaking with terror, "pray depart and rest in peace."

"I'm not a spirit," answered poor Jane, her eyes starting with astonishment—"but Mrs. Simpson sent me to ask you, please lend her your preserve stew pan."

As neither of the ladies had ever heard of a ghost talking of stew pans, they ventured to look, and finding her rather more florid than ghosts are generally allowed to be, they

Mrs. Wilson was the first to speak—"Why, Jane," she said, in a tone of the most ineffable surprise, "is this you?—Is it possible you aint dead?—How did you escape from the crocodile?"

"What crocodile, ma'am?" asked Jane, with great simplicity. "I don't know anything about a crocodile?"

"Then is it not true," continued Mrs. Wilson, "that you were eaten up by a crocodile."

"Why, no, ma'am—who put such an odd notion into your head?"

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Jones, "I'm glad to find it is not true—so go down into the kitchen and ask Stella to give you the stew pan"—and Jane made her exit with a "yes, ma'am" and a low courtesy.

"I'll go right away," said Mrs. Wilson, after a pause, "and hurrah Mr. Tomkins for telling me such an outrageous story, and making me appear ridiculous by repeating her stupid nonsense. I'll let her know I'm not to be made a laughing stock whenever she pleases—that I will!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, "she has been making fools of all of us. Do, Mrs. Wilson, tell her a piece of your mind."

"I'll do it, with a witness, you may depend upon it," answered Mrs Wilson, and she hurried off to have her revenge on Mrs. Tomkins for her supposed affront.

Poor Mrs. Tompkins did not dream of having given offence to her neighbor by the information she had communicated respecting Jane Clark's misfortune, and when Mrs. Wilson entered her parlor, she was utterly unprepared for the storm of words which followed.

"How dare you, Mrs. Tomkins," said the exasperated lady, "come for to go to make a fool of me and Mrs. Jones, by telling us such a rigmarole about Mrs. Simpson's servant, when you knew every word of it was untrue. How dare you, Mrs Tomkins, take such liberties with a person of my age and respectability. She's no more eaten up by a crocodile than you are."

"Oh, my dear creature," answered Mrs. Tomkins, "I had it from my son Jo, and I've always taught him to be very particular in telling me the truth."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," observed Mrs. Wilson, "but there must be some grand mistake about this whole business, for I can tell you, Mrs. Tomkins, I saw Jane Clark, not half an hour ago, with my own eyes."

"Bless me, Mrs. Wilson, you don't say so! Well, this is odd, to be sure. Why, Josey," (lifting the window and screaming into the garden,) "Josey, I say, come here, I want you."

And presently a stout, rosy, happy-faced, quizzical-looking boy of about fourteen, bounded into the room.

"Josey," said Mrs. Tomkins; "come to me—Do quit twirling that handkerchief. You restless little imp, can't you be quiet one moment, while I ask you a question?"

"Yes, ma'am, I guess so."

"Well, then," didn't you tell me that Mrs. Simpson's maid, Jane, had been eaten up by a huge crocodile?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why Jo, Oh! you little wretch! you'll break my heart. What do you mean? Pray, then, sir, what was it you did tell me?"

"I told you, ma'am, that Jane Clark had been carried off by an alligator," answered Jo, very calmly.

"Jo, you deserve a good beating. Will you explain yourself, or will you not?"

"Yes my dear mother, I will, and if you will forgive me for this one jest, I will promise to try never to offend you again."

"Come and kiss me you naughty boy."

"Well, then, mother, didn't Jane Clark run away last week, and get married to Sam Johnson!—and didn't they use to do all their courting at the alley-gate? So, I'm sure, that she is alive and well, and has come back to her mistress I wasn't so very far from the truth, when I told you that Mrs. Simpson's maid had been crrried off by an *alley-gate-r*."

Our Young Folks.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

BY MARY CUNNINGHAM.

LITTLE Lily and Lucie were extremely fond of each other. They were dear friends, and when they were not together they counted the minutes and the hours till they could meet. Unfortunately they were not sisters, and therefore they lived in separate houses, and they were obliged to go to bed at night, and get up in the morning, and eat their breakfast, and do their lessons without seeing each other, or saying one single word, out of the ten thousand that chattered out of their little rosy mouths when they met.

Even in the night, however, Lily would dream of Lucie and Lucie of Lily, and to both it was a cause of the greatest regret that they could not each of them dream the same dream at the same moment, in which case they could have believed that they were together, even though separated by distance and sleep.

This devoted friendship was very pretty and pleasant—or would have been so—if it had not also been very selfish. You are astonished at this—How could it be selfish? you ask—and I will tell you. It was because there were not only Lily and Lucie, but there was also—Matilda!

Who was Matilda?

She was Lucie's cousin—just one year older than Lucie was, while Lily was just one year younger—and being an orphan, she had been taken by Lucie's father and mother to live with them, and to be, as they intended, their little daughter's companion, in what, they hoped, she would find a happy home.

But Lucie did not want a companion; Lily was her companion, and she shrunk from the idea of any other; and as for Matilda, I am sorry to say, she found her greatly in the way. Matilda was clever and well-informed, and knew a good deal more than Lucie did, so Lucie's mamma said it was a great "advantage" to her little daughter to have her live with her, and this Lucie did not like at all for Matilda was shy and reserved, and rather awkward, and she was slow at understanding a joke, and did not laugh quickly or easily; so naughty Lucie could not believe she was clever, and murmured, with contempt in her voice, "a nice advantage!"

"Why, you know, Lily, her very name is enough. 'Tilda! for it *is* 'Tilda, you know, Matilda's are *always* called 'Tilda, and if she isn't she ought to be; and just fancy any one being obliged to play, or walk, or talk, or learn lessons with a 'Tilda! Now Lily is the prettiest name in the whole world."

"Except Lucie," replied Lily, and then they kissed each other.

This conversation took place under a tree where they were fond of meeting, and they did not know that poor Matilda had left the house, tired of being alone, and come to look for them there, hoping that perhaps they might let her join in their chat. When she heard what they said, and she could not help hearing, she turned, and sadly enough retraced her steps again. "Why do they dislike me?" she thought, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Now Lucie and Lily did not mean to be unkind, but they were thoughtless, and full of their own affections and happiness, and it did not occur to them that this was selfish.

They ran on from the tree into one of the two fields in which they were allowed to play. The first was hardly a field, it was more a piece of common covered with wild flowers and long grasses; but the other was a field full of sheep, and the two little girls were fond of these sheep, and the sheep were fond of them, and were quite tame, and would come round them, and eat grass out of their hands. Just now they did not go farther than the bit of common.

"Lucie," said Lily, "do you know what I have been thinking of? I do think our sheep must look beautiful by moonlight!"

"By moonlight?" cried Lucie astonished.

"And do you think sheep's shadows would look well by moonlight?"

"I do," cried Lily, without the least hesitation. "And the sheep too. I want to see them. Lucie, do let us ask our mammas to give us leave to run out by moonlight into the field. It is so very close to our homes, and the moon happens to rise so early just now that she is large and round, and high up, and the night is quite dark without her before bed-time, and nobody can tell when she will be so again."

"My papa can," replied Lucie rather triumphantly, "he is uncommonly clever. He always guesses right about the moon! when she'll be big, and when she'll be little, and when she'll be ill, or sulky, and not come out at all. Well, Lily, it would be *great* fun to meet in the field by moonlight. I don't think that I care *much* about how the sheep's shadows look; but I think to run out into the field, and meet you by moonlight will be delightful."

"And then we'll name all the sheep," cried Lily, "and we will call them *all* after flowers."

Now Matilda had been sent by her aunt to call Lucie into dinner; so she had followed the children to the common, and she came up behind them just as Lily said this:

"Why *do* you follow us about, 'Tilda?" cried Lucie pettishly; "*can't* you let us alone?"

"Aunt sent me to call you to dinner," replied poor Matilda, hurt, but good-humored."

Then Lily and Lucie embraced each other with fondest affection, and whispered in each other's ears, "to night at eight o'clock," and Matilda walked home, sorrowfuly enough, first. "Why is Lucie so unkind to me?" she thought, and she felt unhappy; but then she cheered up and determined not to mind. "I am not happy just now," she thought; "but if I am not, it is because it is God's will. Perhaps some day He will make Lucie love me, and I shall be happy."

Lily's mamma gave her leave to go out at eight o'clock into the field, for the field and the sheep in it belonged to her papa and mamma, and there was a gate into the field from their garden, though that was not the way she and Lucy went every day, because the common was the shortest way from Lucie's house, and the tree under which the two friends met was just half way between their two homes. But when Lucie wanted to get leave from her mamma—which I am sure her mamma would not have given her, because *she* would have had to go through the village, or round by the common before she could reach the field—she found that her mamma and papa had gone out for the evening, so that she could not make her request. She was so disappointed that she began to cry; she knew that Lily was going for a drive with her mother that afternoon, so that she should not see her, and then after supper Lily would put on her little hood, and take her basket on her arm, and run out into the field, while Lucie, poor unhappy child, would be going to bed.

This idea was too dreadful to be borne. "I shall go without leave," said naughty Lucie, and so I am sorry to say she did! She persuaded herself that her mamma would have let her go had she been at home, and therefore that she might do so without her permission.

When the time came she went up-stairs and put on her hat and jacket, and then slipped down again, and was just at the back door and going to open it when Matilda came out of the school-room, which was close to it.

"Oh, Lucie, where are you going?"

"What's that to you?" replied Lucie rudely.

"Please don't go out at this hour; what will aunt say? It is *very* naughty."

"Naughty is as naughty does," cried Lucie. I can't tell you what she meant by those words. I don't suppose she knew what she meant herself, for it was certainly *she* who was naughty, not poor Matilda, whom she *could* call 'Tilda, because she thought she did not like it. And so she opened the back door, and ran out of the house.

She ran along till she came to the common, and then she stopped suddenly in such a fright that she did not know what to do, for there she saw a great bull that she knew well enough was a savage bull, as she and Lily had often watched it in its own field near the common, and had been told never to go into that field because of it. And now it had broken out of the field, and was careering wildly about the common, and the minute it saw Lucie it came wildly towards her. She stood still for an instant in terror, and then she did what was a very natural thing—but it was the most foolish thing she could have done—that is, she turned round and ran away, and the reason why this was foolish is, because if you run away from a bull the bull is pretty sure to run after you, whereas if you stand still and face it boldly, there is a chance of its being startled in its turn, and stopping short to face you.

Poor Lucie never thought of this, but rushed away, and she heard the dreadful sound of the bull rushing after her, and giving herself up for lost, remembered with terror how naughty she had been in persuading herself that there was no harm in her going out without her mamma's consent, and also, in some confused, vague way, her selfish, thoughtless behavior to Matilda rose up against her, in this new remorse; and unconscious herself that she was uttering the words, she cried out, with a very different meaning and tone from that with which she had ever spoken them before, "Oh, 'Tilda! 'Tilda!"

She little dreamt that poor 'Tilda, doubtful what was best to do, had decided on following her, in order to persuade her to return, or, if she failed in that, believing that her aunt would be less displeased at her being out with Lucie (when she knew the reason) than at Lucie being out by herself. She had been in too great a hurry to do more than catch up a shawl from the hall, which she had not time to wrap round her, and just as Lucie turned and ran back, with the bull pursuing her, Matilda came up, and seizing hold of her little cousin, pushed her behind her, boldly advanced to the enemy, and dashed the shawl in its face so as to catch on its horns over its eyes, and altogether bewilder it.

Alas! as she did so, her foot slipped, and she fell prostrate on the ground, and the blinded bull passed right over her, though Lucie was able to escape it as it went forward on its infuriated course. At the same moment Lucie's father and mother, returning home, drove rapidly along the road across the common just in time to witness the last part of the scene—their child's escape, Matilda's heroic conduct, and, as it appeared to them for a few moments, her death, for she lay motionless on the ground after the bull had trampled her under his feet.

* * * * * *

I am very glad to be able to tell you that Matilda did not die. She was a great deal hurt, and was ill and confined to her bed for some time, but she recovered. Lucie made full confession to her mother of all her bad behavior, who showed her how very great her unkindness had been to her orphan cousin, and how this first error had perhaps been the cause of all the rest—even of her great fault in going out without leave, and of Matilda's terrible accident, for had she loved her cousin she would have taken her advice and stayed home. Lucie, with many tears and true repentance, admitted all, and through all Matilda's illness was the most devoted nurse she had, giving up many a pleasure and treat in order to sit by her bed-side and amuse her; while little Lily, who had only followed Lucie's lead before, now gladly put on her hood, and filled her basket with the sweetest flowers and ripest fruit to carry them laughing in Matilda's room, fling the bright flowers on the coverlet, and place the strawberries and raspberries in her mouth.

"Open your beak, my bird Tilda," she said one day, holding up a gigantic strawberry.

"Oh, hush, Lily," cried repentant Lucie, kissing the pale face on the pillow, "I will never, *never* call you Tilda again, dear."

Matilda laughed softly, while happy tears filled her eyes.

"But I don't in the least mind being called 'Tilda," she replied, "if it is done in love. That makes all the difference."

And she was right; everything is sweet that is done in love.

NEW ÆSTHETICS.—Before the novice in acting is fitted for the stage she must be thoroughly versed, in not only the glide, but the slope, jerk, shove, paddle, and sweep as well. For the benefit of all uninitiated readers, it may be as well to give a description of each. For the "glide" the body must be poised at an angle of about sixty degrees from the floor, the head inclined forward, the left leg bent at the knee while the right is extended with some rigidity to the rear. The art of the glide consists in making the successive movements progressing forward, and alternating the right and left step, without actually tumbling over.

The "slope" is very like the glide, with the exception that every movement is reversed and the body thrown backward instead of forward. The "jerk" is only used in moments of intense passion of agony of mind, as when unriped fruit has been indulged in, or the spirit of a murdered ancestor appears. It is not a progressive nor a retrogressive motion, but always sideway. There is the jerk to the left. An actress who can jerk gracefully is always admired. The "shove" is grown out of obsolete plays in which the heroine was always pictured as a prudish sort of a person continually repelling advances. Of course the "paddle" is a speciality only taught in certain colleges, and never used on the stage except in comedy parts. A weak imitation of it has been introduced to young ladies seminaries, and may be seen in its perfection of ugliness on fashionable avenues. To do the paddle well the elbows must be thrown out, the body inclined forwards from the waist, the chin raised so as to give a near-sighted aspect to the face, and the hand thrown slightly about so that the palms are exposed outward. The "sweep" is much more graceful, but can only be successfully done in a long skirt. The effect of this movement or step is to give the impression of locomotion smooth and graceful entirely without muscular effort. When well done it is extremely effective, but in reality its way of doing is quite another matter. If it were possible to induce a lady to perform the "glide" for you, in a dress of transparent material it would be readily seen, that it is accomplished by means of a succession of short paroxysmal steps and extreme rigidity of the spinal column. These are the principal varieties of known steps, and yet the unthinking world will persist in believing that the pathway of the actress is strewn with flowers.

Two fashionable young men, who are regular attendants at chapel, on their way to church the other Sunday, passed in front of a beer saloon, when one of them asked: "Do you think it is wrong to take a glass of beer before church?" "Are you going to pay cash down?" asked the other. "Not much. I am going to make Fritz hang it up on the slate with the rest." "In that case we are doing a good deed. Fritz will never get his money, and that will be a lesson to the Dutchman. It will teach him that it is wrong to sell beer on the Lord's day."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. Address, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for circular.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW SEWING MACHINE.—An Englishman has invented a sewing machine which, it is claimed, is capable of making from 2,000 to 5,000 stiches a minute, according to the number of needles employed, and will do the work of twenty persons.

GROUND GLASS.—The following recipe for a paint to produce an imitation of ground glass is used in Antwerp: Sandarach, eighteen drachms: mastic, four drachms: ether, twenty-four ounces: benzine, six to eighteen ounces. The more benzine the coarser the grain of the imitation glass will be.

NEEDLE MACHINE.—A Detroit mechanic has invented a new machine for the manufacture of needles, which bids fair to work a revolution in that business. The machine takes the steel wire, automatically clips off any desired length, passes it along from one process to another without the intervention of hand labor, until it is finally thrown out finished, ready to be tempered and packed.

ELECTRIC BOATS.—A Frenchman has been experimenting in Paris with electricity as a motive power for boats. With an electro-magnetic motor weighing about five pounds, driven by two batteries weighing about twenty-five pounds each, he recently caused a boat carrying three persons to be propelled at the rate of about three miles an hour. The little motor did a duty which a single rower would have been unable to perform. The motor, operating a small screw, was attached to the rudder, and worked without a noise of any kind or any perceptible jar.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—A cheap and simple disinfectant which promises to be useful is a solution of chloride of lead, which was brought into notice in London. It is inodorous, effective, and its cost infinitesimal. It may be prepared as follows: Take a half a drachm of nitrate of lead and dissolve in a pint or more of boiling water. Now dissolve two drachms of common salt in a pail or bucket of water, pour the two solutions together, and allow the sediment to subside. The clear supernatant fluid will be a saturated solution of chloride of lead. A cloth dipped in a solution of chloride of lead and hung up in a room will sweeten a fetid atmosphere instantaneously, or the solution thrown down a sink, water closet or drain, or over a heap of refuse, will produce a like result.

CONDENSED MILK.—The manufacture of condensed milk is thus described in *The Scientific American*: When the milk is brought into the factory it is carefully strained, placed in cans or pails, which are put into a tank of water kept hot by steam coils. When hot it is transferred to larger steam heated open vessels and quickly brought to a boil. The preliminary heating and boiling has for its object the expulsion of the gases of the milk, which would cause it to foam in the vacuum pan, and, also to add to the keeping quality of the milk by destroying the mould germs. A second straining follows, after which the milk is transferred to a vacuum pan, where, at a temperature below 160° Fahr., it boils and is rapidly concentrated to any degree desired. The vacuum pan employed is a close vessel of copper, egg-shaped, about six feet high and four and one-half feet in diameter. It is heated by steam coils within, and by a steam jacket without—inclosing the lower portion.

Farm and Garden.

WATER CRESSES.—An English authority states that watercresses, cooked in the same way as cabbages or any other green vegetable form a most acceptable dish. Those who live near a running stream may have a never-ending supply of watercresses, it being only necessary to scatter the seed along the banks.

TOADS.—A careful observer reports that he has seen a toad swallow 54 rose-bugs for a single meal, and another feast on five large green caterpillars two-thirds the size of a lady's little finger. They will even take the hairy caterpillars that most birds dislike. Farmers would do well to cultivate so useful though humble a friend.

ECONOMIC PROCESSES.—In Europe, where economic processes are more carefully followed than in this country, apple pomace, turnips, cabbages, leaves seasoned with celery, grape leaves, leaves of beet roots and pulp of beets from sugar factories have been preserved in pits, some of them from time immemorial, for feeding cows and goats.

SEA SAND.—In England sea sand is found to be very valuable as a fertilizer. In Cornwall, where it has been used, sheep have not suffered from the fluke and other diseases as they have done elsewhere. The best crop of potatoes is grown in sand soils. For wheat land sea sand is a very valuable manure, the grain ripening twelve days earlier than with any other manure. Many other crops have also been benefited by its application.

ALUM FOR BUGS.—Dissolve alum in water, using a little more alum than the water will take up. Wash every possible place for bugs with this strong solution, using a rag or a brush, as is most convenient. This remedy is safe and cheap, and is said to be very effectual. For a log house, or in unfinished rooms, it would do to use a whitewash brush, and go all over the walls, floors, and ceilings. Alum is cheap, and it is easily dissolved in water.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

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Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

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2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the clubs receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 10, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"HER OWN DECEPTION," and "A LIFE'S MISTAKE."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

THE VALUE OF MANNER.

In social intercourse, a conciliatory, winning, kindly and easy manner is nearly equal to a virtue, and does, in some respects, even more good.

Men talk about the feeling heart that ever and anon may be found under a churlish manner.

We deny not the possibility of the discovery, nor the grateful surprise it awakens when it is made.

We must say, however, that the feeling heart which is thus buried resembles the jewel which the cock in the fable scratched from the dunghill—it is of no service to anybody while it lies hidden.

There is, probably, a vast deal less intentional cruelty in the world than might be surmised from appearances, but, in effect, much of that results from mere inconsiderateness, inflicts wounds as real, if not so deep, as if it were what it only seems to be.

A house may be a very pleasant house when once you get to it, but if you can only get to it after a long and painful scramble through a wide overgrowth of thorny briars, you cannot but wonder why the owner of it has not been at the pains to open up a traversable path.

He may be able to plead in excuse the nature of the soil, and the neglect of his ancestors; but if he were but moderately concerned about the convenience of other people, and wished to spare them needless suffering, he would, at all events, make an effort to save their shins from bumps and scratches.

So with manner. Men are sometimes unconscious of the mischief they do, and of the miseries they inflict by a freezing, a snappish, a harsh or an overbearing manner; but their very unconsciousness of it is a grave defect, and may be taken as strong evidence that other folks' feelings seldom give them much concern. Even kindness all but ceases to be kindness when the manner of its display is unbecoming.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SEVEN celebrated French musicians have petitioned for an order making musical instruction obligatory in the public schools of that country.

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LAST week the first locomotive passed from the territory of this country into Mexico. This event marks the beginning of a new era of commercial intercourse between the two republics.

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THE Czar's precautions in taking a railway journey were illustrated on his recent trip to Moscow, when "at every hundred paces bayonets glistened, and at intervals tents shone white, and camp-fires gleamed." Nobody but an Emperor could travel far in this kind of style.

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IT was suggested at the recent meeting of the teachers of this State that it might be a good idea to have one course in the common schools for those who intend to enter college or professional life, and another for those who must leave school at an early age for the farm or workshop.

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IN the whole eighty years of the present century, church membership in this country has increased from 364,872 to over ten millions, an actual increase of nearly ten millions (9,701,081.) At the beginning of the eighty years there were fourteen and a half persons to every church member, and at the end of the eighty years not quite five persons to every church member.

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THE total amount of United States registered bonds is $1,170,000,000. All are held in this country except $27,804,000. $644,000,000, about half, are in the hands of seventy three thousand corporations and individuals, not including national banks or foreign holders. Two-thirds, about $400,000,000, are held in amounts of over $50,000. Several millions are held in sums of less than five hundred dollars.

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AN Eastern paper says: The church seat (for no very good reason) is still a straight bench with sloping back and no arms—but for the cushion, a disgrace to the old fashioned country school-house. The devil, a well known church architect, has for his own reasons perpetuated this arrangement, while he has introduced arm-chairs, and seats inclined slightly backward in theatres, opera-houses, bar-rooms, livery-stable offices and all ungodly places.

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GERMANY has nearly 400,000 shoemakers and cobblers, or nearly 90 to every 10,000 of her population. This is a larger proportion than in any country except Italy and England. Italy takes the lead of all. They come, in the order named, England and Wales, Germany, Belgium, Ireland, Denmark, France, the United States, and Sweden. It is a curious circumstance that warm Italy should have within a fraction of 100 cobblers to 10,000 of the population, and cold Sweden less than 18.

—

A PROMINENT medical author in treating of the subject, says: In children, as might be expected, the effects of mouth-breathing on the general constitution are strongly marked. And he has no doubt that in infancy and early youth, when the bones of the thorax are soft and flexible, the deformity known as "pigeon breast" is brought about by this habit. Children should be sedulously taught to use the mouth for eating and speaking only, and he recommends that, during sleep, those in charge of them should adopt the practice followed by Indian squaws, of closing an infant's mouth by gently pressing the lips together. People of mature age also need to be impressed with the necessity of persistency in the practice of nose-breathing. For those who are addicted to keeping the mouth open for breathing during sleep only, it is suggested that compulsory closure may be successfully carried out by means of a linen or leather support for the lower jaw, adjusted to the top of the head.

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AT home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life. So long as $2,000,000 are daily spent for drink in England, and $2,000,000 a day in the United States, leaving little else to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, the boys should understand the facts about alcohol, and be able to act upon them in their earliest responsible conduct.

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NON-COMMISSIONED officers in the French army have hitherto been virtually prohibited from entering into wedlock, but the Secretary of War there, on the ground that recent legislation opens a real career to such officers, has issued a circular abolishing the prohibition. Permission to marry is given to officers who have more than five years' engagements, and whose prospective wives have at least $500, or an income of $50 a year. Such wives, however, in the interest of discipline, are forbidden to open cafes or billiard rooms.

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A VINE-CULTURE exhibition and congress will be held in Milan, Italy, this September. Experts from all the great vine-growing countries will give their views regarding the nature of the diseases which have made the grape crop in many parts of Europe so uncertain of late years. In the exhibition will be found devices for the application to vegetation of insecticides, machines and instruments for grafting, photographs, plates and publications relating to vine disease, specimens of parasites, and a large variety of other objects relating to the culture of vines.

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THERE arises in vapor every twelve hours no less than thirty millions cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers on the earth. This immense body of water is formed in clouds, and carried over every part of the globe; and again it is converted into snow, rain, or dew, which fertilize the earth. Should this process pause, we might wash our clothes, but centuries would not dry them, for evaporation alone produces this effect; vegetation would wither, rivers would swell the ocean, the operations of Nature would cease—so close is the connection between this process and vegetable and animal life.

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DISCIPLES of the Salvation Army are treated with the grossest brutality in London streets, and few efforts appear to be made by the police for their protection. To stone, kick and otherwise assault them is a common thing, while their places of worship are invaded and taken possession of, and packs of ruffians, organized by virtuously indignant gin dealers, hunt them out in their noisy goings through the worst precincts of the East End. Recently a young scoundrel took a rope, and, from one side of a street, lassoed a member of the army while he was standing in a porch on the other. He then dragged him into the street and kicked him. Two months of hard labor was in this case meted out to the ruffian, but in many instances outrages less gross in brutality, but still a disgrace to civilized life, are passed by unnoticed.

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A QUESTION has just come before the English Manchester City Council which has interest for every town where public baths exist. It is found during hot weather that many of the bathers remain in the water for an unconscionably long time—several hours at a stretch sometimes. This is said to be especially the habit of feminine bathers, to the great danger of their health. In one instance a girl actually lost the use of her limbs, and in many others illness of one sort or another has been traced to this over-indulgence. Loss of strength, drowsiness, hepatic derangement, and, we believe, heart complaint, are among the results of the practice when frequently resorted to. It is, we think, more through ignorance of any harm resulting than out of downright perversity that this foolish excess in bathing has come to be so general. Of course, there are some constitutions that can stand anything, and to whom long immersion in the water is, apparently, innocuous. But even these amphibious beings like to have the water warm—a condition which it seldom obtains at public baths or in ocean-bathing during the summer time.

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THE production of cheap gas by the decomposition of water—brought in the form of steam in contact with incandescent carbon—has long been sought, and it is now asserted that the experiments in this direction made in Sweden and Russia have at last been attended with highly satisfactory results. It is stated, indeed, that this gas has been employed for welding wrought iron, for smelting in crucibles both pig iron and steel, the effect being very favorable in respect to the heating power of the gas. For illumination, too, it is claimed to possess some peculiar advantages.

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ABROAD just now pink is absolutely the rage. Wherever you go a delicate blush seems to suffuse the surface of society. This tender rose-color is far more taking than the "bird's eye fogle" certain leaders of fashion have sedulously endeavored to thrust upon the masses. Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, seems particularly addicted to "spots." They impart slenderness to the figure, but are not really pretty. Perhaps the most bearable combination is scarlet or pale blue on cream. That with torrents of lace is very effective. Enormous floral designs sprawl over some of the new cretonnes. The worst of all these large patterns is that they do look so distressingly like bad furniture.

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OF all musical instruments the violin is the most enduring. Pianos wear out, wind instruments get battered and old-fashioned, the pipes of organs become scattered, and the original construction is lost sight of, all kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merits. Age and use only improve it, and, instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as is the case with other instruments, it is the violins of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that command fabulous sums. It is impossible to handle an old violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of pleasure it has been, and how well it has been loved.

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A NEW German industry consists in making plates, dishes, etc., of wood shavings, gelatine, and soda-water glass. Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard, of the size of the articles to be produced, and these are moistened with a liquid consisting of weak gelatine solution with soda-water glass, and pressed in heated metalic moulds: after drying, the pressed paper objects are coated on both sides with an adhesive material made of five parts Russian gelatine and one part of thick turpentine, the shavings being then applied to them, and the whole subjected to pressure. Some small finishing processes follow, such as cutting, drying and varnishing, and the articles thus produced are said to possess every needed quality.

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THE price of prepared lithographed sermons in Chicago has gone down to thirty cents each. The temptation is great to lazy ministers. When for this inconsequential sum a pastor can save himself several days' work, and can at the same time feed his people on better material than he could himself prepare, it is hardly human to resist such a chance of doing good at small expense. Thus far the enterprising Chicago firm which furnishes the sermonic lithographs has several hundred discourses on miscellaneous topics, avoiding controversy on sectarianism. As the list increases, the brethren who purchase will have to look with care into the doctrines of the discourses they select. This kind of business may do in England, where ministers are expected to be more perfunctory in the performance of their duty, and hearers less on the alert. If it goes on to a great extent in this country, there will be some awful developments by quick-witted hearers, followed by exposures, and church trials, and heart-rending alienations, and all that sort of thing. A clergyman who has any life in him will make clumsy business of reading from his pulpit a thirty-cent lithographed sermon, and passing it off for his own.

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT.

BY A. W. CROWELL

When 'tis moonlight on the sea,
When the stars are in the sky,
We will dance with merry glee,
You and I, you and I.
We will take our little boat,
We will ply the silent oar,
And together we will float
To a further, happier shore,
You and I, you and I.

We will dwell in Love's own Eden,
You and I,
When 'tis moonlight on the sea,
And the stars are in the sky,
We will dwell in Love's own Eden,
You and I!

When 'tis moonlight on the sea,
I will take you by the hand—
I will lead you forth with me,
O'er the sand, o'er the sand.
Then, good-by, oh, silent oar,
And good-by, ye stars above,
We have reached the further shore,
Found the Eden of our Love,
You and I, you and I!

We have reached Love's happy Eden,
You and I,
See! the kind stars fade away,
For 'tis now Eternal Day—
We have reached the happy Eden of our Love,
You and I!

Nina's Choice.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"DO you expect that boy up here this morning, Nina?"

"He said he should come at about eleven."

"For lawn-tennis, I suppose," said Mrs. Hilton, with a little sarcasm in the tone of her voice.

Nina Carlyle lifted her pretty head, which had been bent over her work, and looked at her married sister. "Of course," she answered; "I really want practice, Cicely."

"You have had plenty during the last week," answered Mrs. Hilton. "Gerald will find you wonderfully improved."

"I hope so," said Nina demurely; "but he doesn't care much for tennis himself."

Cicely made a little movement of impatience, and then burst out laughing. Nina did not laugh, but a smile crept to the corners of her lips.

"It's ridiculous talking in this way, said Cicely. "You know very well what I'm hinting at, so I may as well say it straight out. Why can't you leave poor Sidney Ansdell alone?"

"My dear Cicely, I'm not hurting him. If he likes to come up to your house and play lawn tennis with your sister, why should you be so inhospitable as to object? Considering I've come to stay with you for the first time after your marriage, you might as well try to make my visit pleasant."

"It is only, how will Gerald like it?"

"I don't care. I'm not going to deny myself every amusement that falls in my way because Gerald mayn't happen to like it. Besides, why on earth should Gerald object to my playing lawn-tennis?"

"It isn't that," said Mrs. Hilton, with some spirit. "But why on earth should not Gerald, seeing you are engaged to him, object to your flirting with Sidney Ansdell?"

There was a slight flush on Nina's cheek. "Come, come, elder sister," she quoted. "You are too young in this. I will be a good girl when Gerald comes down here; but I like Mr. Ansdell, and I don't see why I shouldn't be nice to him."

"And very nice it will be for him, poor boy, when Gerald arrives and monopolises you."

"He will get over it," said Miss Carlyle placidly. "I fancy the poor boy, as you call him, is quite equal to taking care of himself."

"Here he is," said Cicely, as a tall figure in a suit of gray ditto, with a racket in hand, appeared at the further end of the distant field, vaulted over the fence into the orchard, and so proceeded to where the sisters were sitting in the garden under the shadow of a tulip-tree.

"So you have come at last," said Miss Carlyle, holding out her hand, and glancing up at young Ansdell's pleasant frank face, with good gray eyes and well-cut mouth. "I mean to beat you this morning; for when Mr. Calthorp comes down here, we shan't be able to have so many games."

What was it made her mention her future husband's name.

If Nina were a flirt, as some people said, she was a very tender-hearted one; she hated to see people unhappy; she could not bear to see Sidney's troubled face without trying to bring back its sunshine.

"Now you have come," she said, "we will have a really good game, and waste no more time. I'll go and fetch my racket."

With a bright smile she ran indoors, leaving Cicely and Sidney under the tulip-tree.

The little matron of four months' marriage was rather vexed by her sister's conduct.

Gerald Calthorp, the man to whom Nina was engaged, was an individual who would by no means be satisfied by a divided allegiance, and a quarrel between him and Nina would be most unfortunate, thought Mrs. Hilton. Mr. Calthorp, in the opinion of most people, was quite the ideal husband for a girl like Miss Carlyle. He was well born, handsome, cultured, rather gravely courteous in manner, and with a very good fortune.

"It would be too horrid," meditated Cicely, "if, after Nina's actually winning a man like that, she were to lose him, just because she can't resist bewitching poor Sidney. And how the mother would scold me, and declare I wasn't fit to be trusted with Nina! She can't manage the girl herself; but she would blame me dreadfully if the engagement were broken off down here. Perhaps Gerald will be able to keep Nina in order. I fancy she is a little afraid of him, I'm sure I am."

All this passed through Cicely's mind as she sat working on the lawn, looking very dainty and girlish in her white dress, with its ribbons of olive and pale pink, and quite ignoring the six feet of humanity who stood by her.

Cicely had almost forgotten his presence when suddenly he asked.

"Mrs. Hilton, is Mr. Calthorp coming to stay with you?"

"Yes; he comes next week." She was really sorry for Sidney; he was the eldest son of a family who were very old friends of her husband's, and she was vexed that pain and sorrow should come to him through her sister. She liked him very much; if she had never seen or heard of Mr. Calthorp, might have wished no better amusement or employment than to throw him and Nina together; but as it was—

Yet there was a sombre look in his eyes that troubled her; it was so unhappy. She murmured something about having some more work to get done indoors; if Sidney waited, Nina would be out in a moment; and then left him standing moodily by the tree in a very gloomy state of mind.

Entering the house Mrs. Hilton sought her sister, whom she found in the hall, fastening the ribbons of her tennis-shoes, and humming a tune she had caught up from Sidney. Cicely plucked up heart, and said abruptly.

"Nina, that poor boy is very much in love with you."

"It isn't kind or fair to him to encourage him as you do. He will only be unhappy afterwards."

Nina raised her head and looked full at her sister.

"Cicely," she said, "I won't be bullied because I don't like to see a person dull or wretched when I can make them otherwise."

"Very well, I can't say any more. If Gerald—"

"Gerald!" said Nina rather angrily. "I won't have Gerald continually thrown at me. I won't be tutored and lectured. I want to enjoy myself in my own way; and Gerald himself knows it, and trusts me, which is more than you seem inclined to do!"

Mrs. Hilton was so far provoked by her sister's mutinous speech as to use a weapon she had meant to keep in reserve.

"You say Gerald Calthorp trusts you; at all events he seems to think you need looking after."

Nina started and quivered ever so slightly; and there was a resolve sparkle in her eyes as Cicely drew a letter from her pocket saying.

"I heard from him this morning. I didn't tell you, because there was part of the letter I didn't like to show you; but I suppose I had better do so now."

"You had much better have done so at first," muttered Nina rebelliously, as she took the letter from Cicely's hand and read the page to which the latter was pointed.

Mrs. Hilton was a little frightened at the effect of her proceeding. The girl read her lover's epistle without comment but her cheeks grew a deep rose-color, her blue eyes flashed, and her pretty lips were compressed. When she had finished the letter she folded it slowly and returned it to Cicely, saying.

"Indeed! That is what he thinks, is it?"

Then she took up her racket, and without another word, went out into the garden, leaving Cicely very doubtful whether she had not done more harm than good.

After a few moments' consideration Mrs. Hilton turned the steps towards her husband's study. Arthur Hilton was an author; he had been at the Bar; but, on inheriting a small estate from an elder brother, he had thrown up the Bar and settled himself in the pretty old-fashioned house to which, four months ago, he had brought home Cicely as its mistress.

"Are you busy, Arthur, or can I come in?"

"All right, what is it?"

Cicely assumed the penitential attitude which is rather a favorite one with young wives; she knelt down by her husband's side, and, looking up at him with big serious brown eyes, she said.

"I think I have done rather a foolish thing. I showed Nina Gerald Calthorp's letter."

"Phew! Did you want them to quarrel?"

"No; but I fancy Nina is flirting with Sidney Ansdell, and so—"

"And so you did the very thing to make her more bent on holding the sweet jest up. Are you quite certain you understand Nina?"

"I am very fond of her; I want her to be happy."

"And that means you want her to marry Calthorp?"

"Don't you, Arthur?"

"It is hardly my business; but I don't feel quite as sure as you do that Nina is in love with him.

"O, she must be? said Cicely, horror-stricken. "Why did she engage herself? She was not forced to do so."

"No; but she heard Calthorp's praises from every one, especially from your mother, and it was easy enough for her to fancy she was in love with such a paragon. But don't you worry. If there is to be a break between them, it had better be before marriage than after; and if they really care for each other you needn't be afraid of their falling out seriously."

"But Sidney—"

"Oh, he won't come to any harm; young men's hearts are not so easily broken as you fancy. Look; there he and Nina are, crossing the garden to the strawberry-beds. They do make a pretty picture, as Lady Anne Newcome said of Clive and Ethel."

He turned to look at Cicely.

"Confess now," he said, "if Sidney had 5000 a year, you would prefer him for Nina's husband to Calthorp."

"Yes, perhaps I might; but I don't think" said Cicely dutifully, "that mother would."

"After all," returned her husband, "Nina is the person most interested in the point."

In the mean time Miss Carlyle had rejoined young Ansdell in the garden. She looked wonderfully charming with the flush, the perusal of Gerald Calthorp's letter had called up, still lingering on her cheek.

She was very angry with him, partly because she felt she had laid herself open to his strictures, partly because she was indignant at the line of conduct he hinted at his being likely to pursue when they were married.

When they were married! Till about a week ago Nina had fancied she had grown quite accustomed to the idea of being Mr. Calthorp's wife; to-day she simply felt an intense repugnance to it.

In her secret soul she chafed at a certain lordliness which she had begun to perceive through the unexceptionable and affectionate bearing of her lover towards her.

Would this have been the case had she really been in love with him? If he had really loved her, would aught have appeared in his bearing that could have irked a girl who loved him?

Nina had never asked herself either of these questions; but since she had come to stay with her newly-married sister she had vaguely wondered if she would ever feel as free and confident from misconstruction with Gerald Calthorp as Cicely did with Arthur Hilton.

At this moment she only felt that she hated the idea of ever yielding herself and her freedom to a man who spoke of her with the critically patronizing tone of Mr. Calthorp's epistle to Cicely; and she turned with relief to the person in whose eyes all she did seemed right, the young man waiting for her on the lawn with eyes that brightened at the sound of her step.

"I don't think I want to play tennis this morning," she said to him. "Let's go and eat strawberries."

Sidney assented readily enough. Even an ardent devotee of lawn-tennis, who is also three-and-twenty and in love, may prefer picking and eating strawberries with his lady to playing tennis with her.

He chose to forget that the girl he loved was engaged to another man, and, as he thought, heedless of him and his passion, and to enjoy the present as he knelt among the strawberry-beds by Nina's side.

When they had collected enough fruit, they rambled up the little grassy ascent at the end of the garden, and, sitting down under the great coal boughs of the ash-tree, took their ease in the summer noon.

Neither Nina nor Sidney spoke much; he had given himself up to the charm of the present, and she would have done the same, had not a vague trouble weighed on her and dulled her enjoyment.

"Mr. Ansdell," said Nina, at last, "I wonder——"

"Yes?" Sidney's bright earnest face turned to hers; there was some force in his look which made her shrink and hesitate.

"Nothing," she said; then added recklessly in a rather unreal tone. If you were married, would you want obedience from your wife?"

He looked puzzled.

"I don't know."

"That is frank, at all events," she said, with a jarring laugh. "It means you would."

"I think you are wrong," he answered quietly. "No man worth anything would want obedience to himself."

"Oh!" answered Nina ironically, yet interested. "What would he want, then?"

"Obedience to right as right, both from himself and her."

"I don't quite understand."

The girl's face softened, and she leant a little forward.

"I think," he tried to explain, that they would both try to yield obedience to right, and try to help each other yield it."

"'In true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal; each fulfils
Defect in each; and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'"

Nina was silent; the beauty of the words, the tones of the speaker's voice, had thrilled and vibrated through her. Yes, she could understand the loveliness of such marriage as this; but would her and Gerald Calthorp's future realise it?

For a moment she felt sick and stunned as the whole truth burst upon her: she did not love the man she had promised to marry and——

Sidney's voice broke upon her thought, as it were answering it.

"Miss Carlyle—Nina—can you recollect those words that end the poem? May I say them?"

Yes, she remembered them:

"'Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me.'

But he must not say them; she was bound to Gerald Calthorp.

She turned to Sidney; she saw his face transformed by the might of a young man's love, reverent, eager, passionate with hope and fear. She was angry with the world and herself, so turned fiercely on him.

"How can you?" she said. "How can you? You know I am not free."

Her voice quivered; she rose and passed swiftly down the green turf path leading to the house.

Sidney did not follow her; but he sat there, when Nina had gone, thinking he knew his fate at last, and that he had been a fool from the first.

"O, I wish—I wish I know what to do!"

Nina was sitting alone in her room by the side of her bed.

She ought to have been dressing for dinner; but she had for the moment forgotten that duty of civilised life in the doubt and distress which filled her mind.

It was the first moment she had had to herself since Sidney had tried to tell her of his love. All the afternoon Cicely had monopolised her. It seemed such a long time since she had left Sidney that morning in the garden.

Was he unhappy? she wondered. He could not be more so than she was. What was she to do? She could not break her word to Mr. Calthorp—that would be wrong and dishonorable; but as matters now stood, she was deceiving him. Could she tell him all the truth and let him decide? O no; anything were better than that.

The second bell startled her from her dreary self-questioning. She sprang up, twisted her loose hair into a thick coil, and hastily donning her evening dress, she ran swiftly down the low stairs to the drawing-room.

"I thought Sidney was dining here to-night," said Mr. Hilton, as he helped the soup.

"He sent up a note to say he could not," answered Cicely. "I don't know why. Rather rude of him, I think."

Dinner was less cheerful than it generally was at Farley. Nina seemed either feverishly bright or desponding: and Cicely was pondering in her brain the idea of a tennis-party she meant to give when Mr. Calthorp arrived, so was unusually silent.

By the time coffee and fruit had been discussed in the verandah, to which they always adjourned after dinner, the sunset in the west had paled, and cleared to soft depths of mellow amber, through which shone the first lucent stars.

"I shall take a stroll with my cigar" said Mr. Hilton at last. "Will either of you accompany me?"

His wife shook her head.

"Will you go, Nina?"

"I am tired," Miss Carlyle answered; and it was the truth.

Arthur Hilton lit his cigar, and, donning a wideawake, strowled slowly along the garden-path, and, opening a white gate, passed into the dewy fields.

He had sauntered some way under the shadowy elms in the fast-falling dusk, when he saw, a little way off, a small red spark it was natural to conjecture came from a cigar.

"Hallo, Sid, is it you? Why didn't you come up to dinner?"

Young Ansdell murmured something confusedly about a "deuce of a headache, no use to any one like that," and moodily strolled along by Mr. Hilton's side.

"Comes of reading too hard," said Arthur laconically. "I'm sorry you didn't put in an appearance," he said. "You might have brightened us."

"I shouldn't have been very lively."

"At all events you would have been some one to speak to. Cicely is on hospitable thoughts intent, and hasn't a word to throw to a dog or her husband, and as to Nina—"

"Isn't Miss Carlyle well?"

In spite of Sidney's efforts, there was something guilty and conscious in his voice.

"What has he been up to?" thought Mr. Hilton. "Hanged if I don't believe he's proposed to her!"

"Not very," he answered. "She says it is the heat."

Silence only broken by the slow regular footfalls of the two men.

"Hilton I'm the most miserable beggar on the face of the earth," burst out Sidney abruptly.

"Is Calthorp the cause?"

"Yes, confound him, or myself, or—or—he's not to blame, I suppose. I've only myself to thank."

"But you know Nina's engaged to be married."

"I know that well enough," said poor Sid, "but when a man loves a girl and can possibly win her as she is, pure and dear and fair, or when, like me, he has not even hope he has a right to tell her that, fool as he is, he has been able to see how lovely she is. I had a right to put my fate to the touch, and save myself from being haunted by the idea that it might have been different if I had told her all. I shall never think that now."

Arthur felt foolishly, irrationally sorry for the lad.

"I'm going up to town to-morrow," said Sidney, after a pause. "I shan't be down here again till she and that fellow have gone. So good-night and good-bye for the present."

A warm hand-grasp was the answer. Sidney sprang over the stile by which he and Mr. Hilton were standing, and went swiftly homewards.

Ten days later, was the afternoon of Cicely's garden-party, and the garden at Farley was bright with pretty faces and dresses. Mr. Calthorp was on view, and his host mentally wondered how he liked it, remembering his own agonies as an engaged man.

Cicely flitted about, bright and animated. Only one thing rather disturbed her peace of mind—Nina.

For the last ten days Miss Carlyle had not been like herself, with every one except Mr. Calthorp she was nervous, fitful, and restless; and towards him her manner had entirely changed. Her old bright, playful half defiant, half bewitching ways with her

lover had vanished; she was strangely humble, gentle, and quiet.

A highly commendable change perhaps, considering Mr. Calthorp was soon to be her lord and master; and yet there was something in Nina's subdued manner which perplexed and distressed her sister.

Among the first arrivals were the Ansdells, Sidney's mother and his sister Lucy, two or three years his senior. They said Sidney would probably come during the afternoon.

Nina said nothing, but a tumultuous throb of joy seemed to overpower her. In vain she said to herself it was nothing to her, his absence or his presence. She had missed him so terribly, that, whether it were right or wrong, she could not but rejoice in the thought of seeing him once more.

She was her old self again that afternoon, mutinous, coquettish, and charming, and looking her very best.

She herself hardly knew what she did or said; her whole being seemed absorbed in intent waiting for the coming of the man whom, ten days before, she had rebuked for daring to tell her of his love.

So she waited and watched and listened, laughed and talked, played tennis and drank iced coffee, and still neither old Mr. Ansdell nor his son appeared, and the afternoon was nearly over.

Nina's heart sank within her breast. Sidney would not come to-night. It was eight o'clock, and nearly every one had gone, except Mrs. Ansdell and Lucy, whom Cicely was trying to persuade to stay the evening.

"Well, since our mankind haven't had the grace to come and escort us home, I don't see why we shouldn't revenge ourselves, mamma," said Lucy.

"Arthur will walk home with you," Cicely was beginning, when a servant crossed the lawn with an orange-colored missive in her hand.

"The page from Deighton brought this over, ma'am, for Mrs. Ansdell."

Poor Mrs. Ansdell! She took the telegram quietly enough, expecting to find within a line from her husband to say he and Sidney would not leave London that day; but when she had opened it, she stood staring at it as if dazed. Then she held it to Lucy with a sob, "O my boy, my boy!"

Nina stood by, her lips white and quivering at the sound of that cry.

Lucy read the telegram:

"R. Ansdell, Royal Hotel, Coltham, to Mrs. Ansdell, Deighton Place, Tunford."

"Railway accident near Coltham. Sidney dangerously hurt. Come to us by next up-train. It is urgent."

Two hours passed. The Ansdells had left for Coltham with Arthur, who saw that both Mrs. Ansdell and Lucy were so utterly wretched and stupefied that his escort and presence would be a comfort and help to them.

Mrs. Hilton and Mr. Calthorp were sitting in the drawing-room. Nina was not with them, and they both fancied she had gone to her own room, as she had pleaded a headache earlier in the evening.

"Do you expect Hilton back to-night?" inquired Gerald.

"O yes; he said he was sure to return by the last train, and sent word from the station that the line was clear. It's very sad, isn't it? Poor Sidney!"

"Very sad. Is he the eldest son?"

"No; Jack Ansdell is the oldest; he is abroad with his regiment. Sidney has only just left College, and is reading for the bar."

"Which means living on his father for the next fifteen years."

"No, it doesn't in his case," said Cicely, rather angrily. "Sidney was left $500 a year by his mother's brother, and he is very clever. Arthur says he is sure to make his way, unless now—" and Cicely broke off with a sob.

"You are tired out, Cicely," said Mr. Calthorp. "If you won't think me impertinent I should advise you to follow Nina's example and go to bed. I'll sit up for Hilton," he spoke kindly, almost tenderly.

Cicely shook her head.

"I couldn't sleep if I went to bed. I am too anxious to know how the poor boy is. He is such a dear fellow!" and again the tears filled her eyes. "Don't let me keep you in here," she continued, after a few moments' silence. "I know you want to smoke."

"Well, I might have a cigar outside," said Mr. Calthorp. "It is a lovely night."

It was indeed. Gerald Calthorp's feet turned involuntarily away from the gravel to the soft grass as he lit his cigar.

He was strolling across the lawn, when from under the shade of the tulip-tree there advanced to meet him a slight form, which had been crouched on the seat under the tree.

"Nina, child, what on earth are you doing out here? You will catch your death of cold."

He would have passed his arm round her; but as he saw her face pale in the moonlight, he refrained.

A terrible two hours had been Nina's since she has learnt of Sidney's danger—a two hours of keen reproach, misery, well-nigh despair. If she had acted differently when Sidney had told her of his love, she might have been blamed for the world, have been called "flirt" and "jilt," nay, might have acted dishonorably; but she would have been Sidney Ansdell's promised wife, would have had the right to go to him, the right to be glad if he lived, to mourn if he died.

So she stood and faced Mr. Calthorp in the moonlight, white and ashamed and sorry for him, but brave to do the right.

"Gerald."

"What is it, dear?"

"I want to tell you something," she said at last. "We can't be engaged. I have found out—"

"I thought I cared for you; when I found I did not, I resolved you should never know it. I thought I should learn to—to love you, but now I know—"

"I don't understand it, Nina. What have I done? I will not be made a fool of, even by you."

"O, forgive me," she said humbly. "But I cannot, I cannot; it would be wrong both to you and myself. I care for another man."

She had done it; her pale face was crimson with shame, and yet her heart was proud. She could pray now for Sidney's life, and she had felt she could not before.

"That is enough," he said painfully at last, and he held out his hand to Nina. She took it humbly, and he felt a great tear fall on it; then they went back in silence to the house.

* * * * *

It was August, and Nina was staying with her mother and school-boy brother at Kreuznach. Two months had passed since Miss Carlyle had told Mr. Calthorp she could never be his wife, and the time had gone by very heavily with the poor girl. The secret pain she had borne of late had been small; for some time Sidney Ansdell's recovery had been considered doubtful, and poor Nina craving for news of him, had to rest content with such scraps of information as she could gather from Cicely's letters.

These were small; for not even to her sister had Nina told of the morning under the ash-tree, or of the love that had been born too late in her own heart. She felt as though it would have been sacrilege to do so.

She longed to be back with Cicely at Farley, and then was angry with herself for harboring such a wish.

She did not think Sidney would ever come back to her; she did not deserve he should, she thought to herself this evening, as, leaving her mother and Tom seated under the verandah of the hotel, with coffee before them, and listening to the band, she turned away down a narrow path of the gardens, just as the band commenced to play.

She wandered along under the green gloom of the acacias, till she reached the end of the long walk where was her favorite seat. There she sat down and thought long and deeply.

There was suddenly a sound behind her—some one coming up the pier—a light springing step, certainly not belonging to any Teuton who was ever born. She turned round, half expecting to see her graceless brother, and beheld—Sidney Ansdell.

"You!"

"You!"

He had taken both her hands, and was looking at her with that strange force in his gaze which had once made her shrink; but now her eyes met the passionate look fully and simply.

"How did you come here?" she said, as naturally as she could, with her heart beating at twice its usual rate.

"I only arrived to-day," he answered. I slept the night at Bingen; I meant to look you up to-morrow" then he seemed to remember that he still held her hands in his own, and released them slowly.

They stood by the railing of the pier, looking away at the hills, not at each other now.

"What a pretty place it is!" said Sidney, with much originality.

"Yes," answered Nina. "How did you leave them at Farley?

"O, pretty well."

"Did they know you were coming here?"

"Yes."

A few more questions and answers of equal interest and import, then Nina said gaily:

"But what in faith make you in Kreuznack?" And then could have bitten out her tongue for having asked the question.

"I do not know if I were wise to come," he answered gravely.

There was no rejoinder; he went on:

"Nina, I came because you were here. You reproached me once for telling you what you must have known without words. I am half afraid to speak again, and I must. I have been hoping and fearing and dreading ever since I heard—longing to put my fate to the touch, all this time. Nina, now you are free, may I tell you I love you? Will you send me away or—?"

He leant a little forward to see her face in the growing dusk; there was no anger in her eyes, only a lovely shame, a most sweet humility. She bent towards him, somewhat as a flower bends in the breeze, and in a moment he held her in his arms.

"Sidney," said she at length, "you wanted to quote some poetry to me once, and I would not listen. I think I should like to hear it now."

Her hand rested in her lover's as he repeated:

"'My bride,
My wife, my life, O, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end;
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself:
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me.'"

She turned to him, the sweetness of a woman's life-love in her eyes.

"I do," she said, in a low voice. "O my dear, thank God that you love me—that I am so happy!"

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The Old Cockade.

BY FREDERICK SOULIE.

IN the year 1831, I was spending an evening at the house of a general, who had been one of Napoleon's bravest Officers. There were some other guests, and we were chatting sociably around the fire, when M. Louis Jacquet was announced, and we saw an extremely handsome young officer of marines enter.

He seemed to be about 22 years old; his countenance was frank and free, his bearing singularly graceful, and his ensign's uniform—evidently quite new—was put on with much care and neatness. One portion of his costume, however, contrasted oddly enough with the rest. In the black, glossy cap, which he carried in his hand, was fastened an old, soiled, faded cockade. Involuntarily many eyes glanced curiously at this incongruous decoration; and our host, in a whisper, drew his wife's attention to the circumstance; to which she replied by a gentle smile. M. Jacquet blushed deeply, yet not with an air of shame or confusion, but rather with one of genuine modesty. And the general taking his hand, said:

"You are a brave lad, Louis."

The general's wife then took his hand; and the young officer kissed hers, with respectful tenderness.

This little scene interested us all, yet no one ventured to ask its explanation: when an old officer, who had been rather silent hitherto, suddenly rose and said to our host.

"So this is your Jacquet, general; and this is the real cockade!"

And taking the cap from the owner's hands, he looked at its battered ornament with a strange fondness, while a tear rolled down on his grey mustache. Every one present then crowded round to examine the mysterious cockade, and asked the general to tell its history.

As he hesitated the old officer said:

"'Tis a story which I am sure will interest you; and, with the permission of our host and his young friend, I will tell it."

No objection being made, he began thus:

"After the memorable interview between Napoleon and Alexander, the former of those two emperors wishing to show to the other the troops which had conquered him, a grand review took place. As Napoleon was inspecting with a pleased eye, the ranks of his Imperial Guard, he paused before a remarkably powerful-looking grenadier, whose face was scared from the forehead to the chin by a deep scar. Pointing him out to the Emperor Alexander, Napoleon said:

"'What do you think of the soldiers who can resist such wounds?'"

"'What do you think of the soldiers who can give them?'" said Alexander, readily.

"They are dead," said the grenadier; thus mingling in the conversation of the two most powerful monarchs in the world.

"A few days afterwards, as the Emperor of France was passing through the camp, he saw the grenadier, seated on a stone, with his legs crossed, and dancing a chubby boy of two years old on his foot. Napoleon paused before him; and the old soldier, without rising, said:

"'Pardon, sir; but if I stood up, Jacquet would scream like one of the King of Prussia's fifers; and that would annoy your majesty.'"

"'Tis well!" said Napoleon. "Your name is Jacques?"

"Yes, my emperor, Jacques. That's the reason they call this little fellow Jacquet."

"He is your own?"

"No, my emperor; his father was an old comrade of mine, who had his legs shot off two months ago, and died on the field. His mother who followed the camp, was killed by a sabre-cut while she was giving her husband a drink. She had this baby tied on her back, and we found him, some hours after her death, roaring like a young bull."

"Then you have adopted the child?"

"I and my comrades. But as I was the first to find him, they have given him especially to me."

"Napoleon looked for a moment at the grenadier, who continued to give Jacquet a lesson in riding, and then said:

"I owe you something, Jacques."

"Me, my emperor? You have already given me a cross for this scar."

"I owe you some return for what you said to the Emperor Alexander."

"Did I say anything uncivil to that emperor? Has he complained of me?",

"No, certainly: for I am going to reward you. Come! What do you wish for?"

"But my faith," replied Jacques, "I don't wish for anything; but, my emperor, if you would just give some token to this little chap, it would bring him good luck."

"At that moment the emperor felt something pull his hat; and he saw that the child, raised on the soldier's arm, had got his tiny hand into the loop, and was playing with the cockade.

"Hold, sir," said the grenadier. "The little fellow is like your majesty, he takes whatever he chooses himself?"

"Well," replied the emperor, "let him keep it." And detaching the cockade with his own hand, he gave it to the child.

"From the day, Jacques followed his illustrious master through all his chequered fortunes, and accompanied him to the island of Elba. Jacquet was also in every campaign, sometimes trotting with the grenadiers, sometimes carried on a baggage-wagon, sometimes riding on his protector's back. He had a miniature sword and uniform, and quickly learned to play on the fife. The grenadier was at first greatly puzzled as to how the child ought to wear the cockade; till at length he bethought him of enclosing it in a little case, which he hung around his neck, at the same time saying to him:

"Mind, Jacquet, night and morning, when you say your prayers; always take out this relic and pray for a blessing on our emperor, who gave it to you."

This the child never failed to do; constantly associating in his prayers the name of Napoleon with that of Papa Jacques.

"Years passed on; Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, the army was disbanded, and poor Jacques found himself thrown on the world in his old age, without any possessions but his cross and his little Jacquet. Louis—for by that name the boy had been baptised—has often told me how it has pained his childish heart to see his brave father, who, a few months before, thought nothing of making a forced march of fifteen leagues while fully accoutred, now bending under the weight of a small packet of clothes, and dropping from fatigue after walking a few miles. Every day he became weaker. They generally passed their nights in stables; and Louis used to collect scattered handfuls of straw to cover the shivering limbs of the old grenadier. They lived principally on scraps of food given them by charitable innkeepers and peasants. One day the poor old man felt unable to rise from off the floor of a deserted hut where he had passed the night, and murmured as it were in spite of himself:

"Jacquet, I am dying; get me a little brandy."

"The child burst into a hearty fit of crying, and then went out on the road to ask for alms; but he got nothing, and felt ready to despair, when suddenly a thought struck him; he fell on his knees, took out the case that contained his cockade, and sobbed aloud:

"My God!—my God! In Thy great mercy send me some brandy for Papa Jacques!"

"He continued to repeat these words as well as his tears would permit, until a gentleman who was passing by, stopped, and began to question him. The child, in an artless manner, told his history; and finished by saying:

"Papa Jacques desired me never to part with this cockade. He said it would bring me good luck, and I would rather cut off my arm than lose it; still you may have it, if you will only give me a few sous to buy brandy for him!"

Much moved, the stranger answered:

"My child, God, to whom you prayed so fervently, has left in France some old soldiers ready to share His gifts with their comrades. Take me to your father."

"And this man?"

"This benevolent man" interrupted the young officer, "this kind, good officer took me in his arms; me—a poor mendicant! He caused Jacques to be carried to his house, restored him to life, and never allowed him to want for anything until his death, which did not take place for many years. As to me, he treated me like a son; and still each day loads me with his benefits!"

"And turning to the general and his wife, the young man embraced them both, while his eyes were filled with tears."

"You have not finished the story, Louis," said the general." You did not say that I promised to restore to you the emperor's cockade whenever you returned with an epaulette, gained as we old soldiers gained ours. And to-day, my friends, you see the cockade in his cap; for Louis was at the taking of Algiers, and his captain, who had taken him out merely as a recruit, has sent him home to me an ensign!"

So saying, the general once more embraced his adopted son. We were all much affected, and I saw another tear stealing down the old officer's grey moustache.

SHE was a Boston girl. She was visiting her country cousins. While walking out several butterflies passed her. "Oh, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite." "They are not birds, my dear," replied her cousin, "they are butterflies." "Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything!"

A VAST DIFFERENCE.—The business of manufacturing Medical Plasters is becoming an overwhelming one. It is estimated that over 50,000,000 of these appliances are manufactured annually in the United States—or one plaster each for every American man, woman and child!

We believe the day is not far distant when the great improvement in medical plasters made by Dr. G. W. Holman will effect a practical supercedure of ordinary "porous" and other plasters of commerce. The difference in favor of Dr. Holman's Absorptive Plasters (Body and Foot) is the greatest that can be imagined. Dr. Holman uses a combination of admirable absorptive and pain-subduing ingredients, not known to our competitors. The ordinary plasters simply act as a support—they benefit by *mechanical* action. Dr. Holman utilizes positive *curative* force; and his Plasters (as all who have used them can testify) produce the most remarkable and excellent results—very different from those produced by the ordinary porous plasters.

In order to popularize Holman's Absorptive Plasters, we have reduced the price from 50 cents to 25 cents: but our patrons may rely upon finding the Plasters exactly the same in quality as heretofore, nothing being changed except the price and the revenue stamp—which is now one cent, instead of two cents.

Holman's Pads for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address, HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Full treatise and advice sent free.

Grains of Gold.

What thou seest, speak of with caution.

Hard things are easy to a willing mind.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others.

The heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.

Christianity is the good man's text; his life, the illustration.

An older person's experience is of no value unless you profit by it.

Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, and closed to all that is not.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.

To err in modes of prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray is madness.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

You are better employed in drying the tears of others than in shedding your own.

The less we speak about our intentions, the more chance there is of realizing them.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing; this is no excuse at all.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, you must cultivate your heart.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cord of wood than to do an evil deed and get rid of the consequences.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is far easier to look wise than to talk wise.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his everyday conduct.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

We ought to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping our promises; therefore, we should be very cautious in making them.

If you should never worry about a misfortune until it actually happens, you would be far more cheerful than you are.

From a common custom of swearing, men easily slide into perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not swear.

The consequences of sin are meant to wean from sin. The penalty annexed to it is, in the first place, corrective [illegible]

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be very sure to be very singular.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor repeat what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.

No power equals that of a life well spent; no force is so great as that of character; and persistence in its best sense is the outcome of life and of character.

If a man should attempt to go down the street calling everything he saw by its right name, he could hardly get half a block without being mobbed and arrested.

He who is great in his own estimation, is like a man standing on a mountain; all men seem little to him from above, and he, Heaven knows, looks little from below.

Learn to say "No" with decision. "Yes" with caution—"No" with decision whenever it meets a temptation, "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defect, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.

Hate idleness, and curb all passions; be true in all words and actions; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay

A man who has that sympathy which leads him to remember the lowest and the poorest, the afflicted and the sorrowful, has in himself an influence which will overrule pride, selfishness and all passions.

The storms of this world may sweep over us, and we may suffer the wreck of all our earthly hopes and possessions, but they cannot take from us what should be dearer to our souls than all perishable treasures—a calm, serene, immovable, rejoicing trust in heaven.

"Thank God for Compound Oxygen."

This is the grateful utterance of the wife of a clergyman. Her letter, dated New City, Rockland County, New York, June 12th, 1880, thus states the condition of her husband when he began the Oxygen Treatment: "Rev. A. J. Conklin, pastor New City and Centennial Churches, Newark Conference, was run down with overwork; voice injured, memory impaired [illegible] so that he could [illegible] preaching; but he not found help. [illegible] what I [illegible] getting [illegible] for him. He [illegible] to them. [illegible] Never felt better in my life." This is the testimony of a Methodist minister after [illegible] Three Months' Treatment, and describing the permanent and [illegible] and walking here [illegible] knows what work in his garden. Thank God for Compound Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which gives full information about this [illegible] Home Treatment, is sent FREE. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Stripes are imported for fall fashions.

Brick red is the fashionable red shade.

The fashionable flower of the moment is the double hollyhock.

An inebriate asylum for women has been established in Chicago.

An American lady in Austria said, "All I understand are my own questions."

A Texas female deputy sheriff has been fined $25 for dressing in male attire.

The reason women never die of lockjaw "that they never give the disease a chance to catch [illegible]."

According to the census taken last April there are a million more women than men in England

When in the excess of your affection you tell your wife that she is an angel, is it true you wish she were one?

A Western woman advertises that she has been cured of consumption "by God's mercy and Mr. Blank's help."

Smith says that after trying for years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got from her in the end was a negative.

A Connecticut woman was appointed constable the other day, and the first thing she said was "Now I shall catch a man."

Patti, the vocalist, and her sister Carlotta are said to be mortal enemies, which is not a very nice thing to say of singers who would be considered sweet.

"My mother is going to get a new piano," said one little girl to another the other day. "Pshaw, that's nothing," replied the other, "my mother is going to get a divorce."

Once, it is said, they started a female seminary in Utah. For a time things flourished. "All went well until one day"—then the principal eloped with the whole school.

The American women have the smallest hands in the world. Gloves made in France for the American market are smaller and narrower than for any other in the world.

A young lady being vexed with her lover, treated him so coolly that he asked permission to warm his sister in the parlor. He said she made it warm enough for him after that.

Genial host (meaning to plead for poor Jenkins, who has complained that he can't find a partner.)—"Let me introduce Mr. Jenkins to you. I'm sure your card can't be full."

An American girl in Ohio has married a Chinaman for love, and while she swings in a hammock and reads novels, he does the washing and cooking, and keeps the fly-traps up to business.

A [illegible]-maiden's curiosity: "Now, do tell me, Charles, [illegible] spending the summer in the country. [illegible] that gives the ice-cream? I am just dying to see [illegible]."

The Princess of Wales is so charming and sweet in her manners that she returns the bow of a coachman with as much grace as though he had been a Duke. She is very particular to return all salutations.

The girl who makes the acquaintance of every young man she sees, without waiting to know who or what he is, is held in the same esteem by men as the yellow dog that will lick every hand that puts its head.

"Jones, if burglars should get into your house, what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin now, you, alas! too late!"

The charge of perjury now pending against Mabel Wilberforce, the adventuress, in London, rests solely on the allegation that she claimed in her testimony to be a few years younger than she really was.

"What are the noblest gifts which noble women can bestow upon men?" an exchange asks. Lord Beaconsfield declared that all his successes gave him full satisfaction only in so far as he could lay his laurels at the feet of his wife.

A worthy deacon in a town not far away gave notice at a prayer-meeting the other night of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining."

A Kansas girl secured a tract of land some years ago, and worked by the week to earn money enough to improve it. She now has a good farm, with a well-furnished house on it, and is looked upon as an ornament to the entire county.

"What shall I tell people who ask whether you are engaged?" said a young lady at the dinner-table to a somewhat eccentric theological student. "Tell them that you don't know, and that it is none of your business, anyway," was the reply.

Maiden and mirror: "There, Henrietta, don't be forever gazing into that mirror. It looks very bad." "I was thinking, mamma, that it looked very good; and, besides, papa says I should look on the bright side, including, I suppose, the bright side of a mirror."

A bride complained to her husband that she had been too busy all day to get off her feet once, and that unhappy man, who had already discovered several "pinkeyes" in her construction, exclaimed, in amazement: "Great heavens! do they come off, too?"

If a young man in a street car gives up his seat to a pretty young lady [illegible] will be accused of partiality; if he gives up to an ugly old lady, it will be said he does it for [illegible]. The average mean plan [illegible] the next list of it and see nothing but the paper he is reading.

Nothing is more sickening and disgusting in society than to see women affect a public devotion to their husbands which is only public, and, perhaps, there is no phase of married life that is more closely watched. People cannot act well in [illegible] and when they are out [illegible] at home.

News Notes.

Constantinople has 45,000 Jews.

Red cedar chips will drive away moths.

There are 1,400 doctors in Philadelphia.

Thermometers are worn on watch-chains.

Cotton-seed oil is being used for cooking-fuel.

Moody is strongly opposed to church fairs.

There are over two thousand varieties of apples.

Knoxville boasts of a woman with a beard 9 inches long

The latest note paper has a flower instead of the monogram.

There is to be a journal devoted to the interests of policemen.

From the earliest ages apples have been in use for the table as a dessert

[illegible] has succeeded in getting potatoes made to resemble large sunflowers.

Cincinnati is the largest whisky manufacturing city in the United States.

The comet is said to have caused a number of cases of lunacy in Berlin.

More foreign noblemen are coming to America this year than ever before.

Fall sowing is preferred to that of spring, for the grass gets a start before the winter comes.

During the recent very hot weather in London, ice was a luxury only to be obtained by the rich.

No book of any sort can be published in Russia without being submitted to the government censor

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin. It will not scratch the tin, and will make it look like new.

Some of the German newspapers are growing old. There is one at Frankfort which has secured 261 years.

At Fort Yuma the thermometer registers 125°. A man requires five gallons of water a day to quench his thirst.

It is said that five railroad brakemen are accidentally killed on an average throughout the country every day.

A baby in North Carolina rejoices in the [illegible] supervision of three great-grandfathers and two great-grandmothers.

The crucifix which Columbus held when he first landed in America is asserted to be in the possession of a lady in Cleveland.

The Emperors of Germany and Austria were very affectionate at their recent meeting at Gastein, embracing each other repeatedly.

The longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1788. No rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September.

Princess Beatrice, of England, is about to bring out a charming birthday book, prettily illustrated with flowers in their natural colors.

California raises great quantities of mustard seed, but cannot succeed in grinding it, so the bulk goes to England, and returns as Durham mustard.

Railroad traveling is not very dangerous after all. Out of 120,000,000 passengers on French railroads last year only twenty were killed by accident.

Krupp, the great German gun maker, is [illegible] pressed with orders that he has engaged 6,000 workmen, making the total force of workmen [illegible].

The French Academy has just been offered [illegible] "to be distributed among the [illegible]" but the society declined the [illegible].

Major Wingfield, the inventor of the game of lawn tennis, has been presented with a $1,500 testimonial, consisting of a watch and chain and a purse of sovereigns.

Boys find it to be an expensive luxury to swear in Raleigh, N. C., for one of them who tried it a day or two ago was fined $5.75 by the Mayor, before whom he was charged with the offence.

A six years old boy set off an infernal machine in a crowded San Francisco theatre. It was only a wad of cotton full of cayenne pepper and alcohol, but its burning cleared the house.

A Kentucky paper tells a story of a Bowling Green dog that fell into a well and was gotten out by a rope being thrown to him, which he grasped in his teeth and held on till he was drawn to the top.

Prince Bismarck resists the movement to substitute the Roman alphabet for the cramped characters of the German, for the reason that he does not care to take the trouble of making himself familiar with the new system.

An American cheese bore away the prize of a silver medal at the late great cattle and dairy show at Birmingham, England. The prize cheese was one of the largest ever made, weighing three-quarters [illegible].

A Kentucky policeman saw a woman digging in her garden before daylight. She was not noted for industrious habits, and therefore he covertly watched her until she brought out a box containing $30,000, the proceeds of a bank robbery.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1881.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up to die. I tried the most skilful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much, indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them, and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is no valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. CRAWFORD

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion [illegible] RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

composed of ingredients of extraordinary [illegible] action essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either [illegible] in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the [illegible] If the blood is unhealthy, the process of re[illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] a compound [illegible] action of each [illegible] out the entire [illegible] lets the blood [illegible] with pure and healthy material of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the [illegible] becomes clear; Sores, Boils, Blotches, Black Spots, and Pimples [illegible] removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the [illegible], Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Lungs is that have accumulated and spread, either from impure [illegible] or [illegible] to this the use of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on [illegible]

One bottle contains more of the active principles of [illegible] Doses, while others require five or six [illegible]. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL [illegible] TENDANCE

[illegible] MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS [illegible] NOT A FEW HOURS [illegible] SUFFER WITH PAIN. NO MATTER [illegible] ORIGIN, VIOLENCE OR [illegible] NATURE OF THE [illegible] ADMINISTER RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sprains, Bruises, Weakness, Sleeplessness, [illegible] Pain in the Back or [illegible] or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus or [illegible] or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

[illegible] Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy

CATARRH

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Deafness Cured at home. Trial Examination & Advice FREE 16 p. Pamphlet FREE Address Dr. H. W. CASE, 933 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 555 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Case's Carbolate of Tar Inhalants.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or other exciting causes, is promptly cured by it. Over 30 years in use. Price $1 per vial, or large vial of powder for $5, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. [illegible] Broadway, New York.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor, that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes, that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap **and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where** *The Saturday Evening Post* **circulates, and** overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction **shall be strictly followed.**

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on, it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not **doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.**

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—**it will go further.** Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—**After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on** the wash board, and all the dirt will drop out, turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap, DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the delicate fabric will be rubbed in—just rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been set by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets feebly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding, or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap **next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.**

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; **it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it** for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of **Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap,** on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not spoil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE.
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

E. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 15, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALEENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new.

Hounsfield, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.

A boon to womankind.

157 Whitlow Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. R. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 2, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Paraclifa, Savier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 16, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 24, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Bloomsburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 9, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendations.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS.
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 22, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 26, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1585, Denver, Col.
July 2, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 12, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Curry & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.

HOW TO GO A COURTING.

WHEN Adoniram Bobbs first makes up his mind to pay attention to Susan Jane, who lives in a small village where everything is known to everybody, he generally shows his masculine want of tact by going to work in exactly the wrong way.

Having seen Susan Jane at a friend's house, and being smitten, he asks if he may "call," and does so on the very next Sunday afternoon.

Ma and pa sitting on the porch in their best things, with good books in their hands, are astonished by seeing a strange young man walk up, and as ma afterwards declares, "Ask if Susan Jane is in, as bold as brass, and go into the parlor as if he belonged there."

Then ma and pa, still sitting on the porch, remark to each other "I want to know," and "Do tell," and declare in ghostly whispers that they "don't like his looks."

And when afterwards Susan Jane introduces Mr. Bobbs to pa and ma, that young man does the best to ruin himself in their estimation by the remark she makes.

He is very likely to say that "he don't often go to church" when he is asked "how he likes dear Doctor Preachem's sermons?"

He is apt to tell pa that "his corn doesn't seem to be coming on very well," and to advise some of those "new-fangled improvements" which pa detests, and to argue with him on political affairs in general; and before he goes he will probably tell ma that he knows "another old lady that looks as like her as two peas—a particular friend of his grandmother's who went to school with her."

After he has gone, ma shuts the house-door sharply, and remarks severely to Susan Jane that "she shouldn't think she'd have such kind of people coming after her."

And as Adoniram goes smirking down the street the old folks set themselves fairly against him and "his course of true love" is destined to run very roughly indeed.

Alas! how easily he could have made it as smooth as mortal course of any kind may be.

Let me whisper into the ear of other Adonirams bent on keeping "steady company" what he should have done.

He ought first of all to have become acquainted with pa, and then he should have asked his advice about agricultural matters, and taken his opinion on political questions.

Then he would have been asked as he walked along from the church to "step in," and stepping in he would have seen ma.

Then he should have remarked to ma that he knew her by her likeness to her sister, Miss Susan Jane; and when ma explained that she was not Susan Jane's sister but her maternal parent, he should have refused to believe it until the family had all protested that it was so.

Then would he have been asked to "stay to tea," and his proper way would have been to take very little notice of Sarah Jane, and converse continually with ma.

Repeating this course of conduct during several calls, each made with some such motive as to bring ma some flower seed, or a Maltese kitten, or tickets to the agricultural fair, Adoniram would soon have found that the "old folks" were regarding him with favor, and some Sunday afternoon pa would be mysteriously absent, and ma obliged to call on a sick friend, and Susan Jane and he would have the front parlor to themselves, and matters afterward would go on swimmingly.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in a catacomb which still continues to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the island. Their marriage rites were very solemn.

We kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness, and dyspepsia. They contain no opium or hurtful drug.

New Publications.

The contents of that storehouse of good things, *St. Nicholas*, for September are fully up to the mark. Among the more valuable articles, the most of which are splendidly illustrated, are: Little Miss Muffet and her Spider; Araminta Mehitabel Brown; How Tom Wallen Went Abroad; The Song of the Fairies; How to make Dolls of Corn-husks and Flowers; The Sad Little Lass; The Dragon Fly's Benefit; The Good Little Girl and the Cold Little Boy; A Curious Trap; The Ambitious Colt; The Race and the Rescue; Ducky Daddles; Dorothy's Ride; The Song of the Corn, etc., etc. There never was a better book for boys and girls than this, for the reason that it is everything such a work could be. The Century Co., publishers, New York.

The *Sanitarian* for September contains the Progress of Sanitary Protection at Newport: The Results of Attempting to Check the Small-pox in Chicago; Sanitary Conference in Chicago; Small-pox and How to Control It; The Value of Re-vaccination; Animal Vaccination; The Contagious Diseases Acts of Great Britain; New Methods of Experimental Investigation into the Cause of Yellow Fever Upon the Basis of Similar Densities; The Dangers of Salicylic Acid in Preserving Alimentary Substances. The Editor's Table; Plumbing and House-Drainage Law, etc., etc. The Sanitarian, N. Y.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September contains the following highly interesting articles: The Development of Political Institutions; Physical Education; Ancient Copper Mines; Writing Physiologicaly Considered; Modern Basis of Life Insurance; State Education; The Blood and its Circulation; About Measures of Length; Are Cemeteries Unhealthy? Inheritance; the Colored Population; Progress of Higher Science Teaching; The Australian Aborigines; Unexplored Parts of the Old World; What is a Molecule, etc., etc. The departments likewise are filled with their usual valuable information. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The *Electic* magazine contains the cream of all the leading publications of Europe. In the September number are articles on The Early Life of Carlyle; Prison Life; Italy; Strange Players; Concerning Names; Unity of Nature; Old Dreams; A Siberian Exile; The First English Poet; A Peep at French Schools; Curiosities of Criticism; Gambetta; How Some Authors Work, etc., etc. The various departments cover the whole field, and are filled with good matter. E. R. Pelton, publisher New York.

Blackwood's magazine for August contains, among other articles, the following: Uncle Z.; Hints for the Vacation Ramble; Florio, A Little Tragedy; The Private Secretary; The Land of Khemk; Holidays; Autobiographies—Edward Gibbon; The Meiningen Company and the London Stage; Besieged in the Transvaal, etc., etc. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. From W. B. Zieber.

The *Nursery* for September is, as usual, filled with excellent reading matter for the little ones. A better magazine for very young folks could not be published. Nursery Publishing Co., 36 Broomfield Street, Boston.

Science and Health is the name of a new monthly magazine published at Lewisburgh, this State. It is devoted to the objects mentioned in the title, and appears to be well edited. Subscription, $1 a year.

Our Little Ones for September cannot but bring joy to the hearts of those it is named after. It is filled with amusing, instructive articles, and illustrations just suited to them. Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

NEWTON WAS MISTAKEN.—Sir Isaac Newton long ago propounded a theory which in spite of its fallacy, has had many adherents. He insisted that the anatomy of the female arm in such that it is impossible for a girl to move her arms in the plane of her waistband. That is such a movement as a boy makes in throwing a stone. Without dwelling on the fact that he unwarrantably assumed the existence of female waistbands, it is sufficient to say that facts conclusively contradict this assertion. Several scientific persons have since demonstrated by a simple and pleasing experiment that a girl can move her arms in almost any plane. Professor Faraday took a girl of the usual pattern, and a young man selected almost at random from his class on the "Theory and practice of base ball." He placed the young man on the floor of his lecture room with the girl immediately in front of him. The lights were then turned down for a few moments in order to favor chemical affection, and on suddenly turning them up again the girl's arms were found to be tightly clasped around the young man in the plane of his waistband, although at a somewhat greater altitude. It is impossible to break the force of this experiment. It conclusively shows that the female arm can move in the very direction in which Sir Isaac Newton asserted that it could not move. The same experiment has been often repeated, and always with the same result. Any young man who can secure the co-operation of a girl can repeat it for his own satisfaction, and it might be added that it is universally agreed that it is one of the most satisfactory experiments known to science. We need, then, pay no further attention to Newton's hypothesis, since it has been completely disproved, and it is now held by no one who has even a modern idea of science.

POLITENESS is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words temperate and gentle.

Humorous.

Sore financial distress—When you haven't got money enough to buy ointment for a wound.

When a man applies for a situation as a policeman, it is naturally supposed he has a taste for club life.

Why is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

"What will you give me if I return your eyesight?" asked a quack. "I will see," replied the blind man.

It was carrying politeness a little too far for the host to wake his guest in order to ask him if he slept well.

It is beautiful to note the satisfaction which illumines the face of the deaf mute as he passes a German street-band.

The man who is anxious for something to turn up, can be accommodated by putting a glass of water under a toper's nose.

When a New Orleans man wanted his picture in a heroic attitude, the artist painted him in the act of refusing to drink.

Talk about the facial expression of great actors! Did you ever see a small boy with his mouth full of tobacco for the first time?

The Key to Health.

Have you found the key to perfect health and strength? It is Kidney-Wort, the remedy that overcomes at once the inaction of the kidneys and bowels. It purifies the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors, and by giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels to perform their regular functions. See displayed advertisement.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 550 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

In another column will be found an advertisement in which the advantages of Texas are referred to as a desirable location for those wishing to better their condition. A good home in a place where plenty of work may be obtained, is certainly an object with all, and those who are interested in bringing these results about should give the notice attention. Texas in particular is looked upon as one of the great points of immigration, and offers in all respects exceptional advantages to those wishing to better themselves.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all Nerve Diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

PEARL'S White Glycerine leaves the skin soft, smooth, pliable and beautiful. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Though Shaken in Every Joint

And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life-long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and nervousness, and WILL CURE any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 105 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. WARNER'S

CORALINE CORSETS.

Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A REWARD OF $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

Price by mail for Health or Nursing Corsets, $1.50; for Coraline or Flexible Hip Corsets, $2.25.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

Fac-Similes of U. S. Treasury

—AND—

NATIONAL BANK BILLS.

CONSISTING of nine exact imitations of United States Treasury Notes, and nine of National Bank Bills, 18 in all, of various denominations. As a rare and instantaneous means of detecting counterfeit money they are invaluable. Price, $1 a package.

L. A. MAYHAW & CO.,
P. O. Box 129. New York City.
Name this paper.

GIRLS 2 MONTHS FREE 2 MONTHS FREE BOYS

HO! We GIVE 2 months subscription to semi-mon. Home Companion for sending 10 names and postoffice addresses of children over 8 years, different family to HOME COMPANION PUB. CO., Cleveland, O.

2 MONTHS FREE 2 MONTHS FREE

THE ORGANITA.

USING PAPER AS A VALVE.

THE FINEST INSTRUMENT OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD. Improved Automatic Shut-off and Double Expression Swell. Fourteen Notes; Full Sized Reeds, and Five Very Powerful Bellows. The Simplest Mechanical Musical Instrument now in the Market.

In response to the almost universal demand from our customers for a very powerful, simple, low-priced, and yet attractive instrument, we have produced the "ORGANITA." This instrument has 15 notes or reeds, the same as all other similar instruments, (except our Organettes, which have 16) and is more simple in construction, more attractive in design, and much louder and more melodious than other instruments using paper as a valve. Our Organitas have a fine black walnut case, handsomely decorated, five very powerful bellows, full sized Cabinet Organ reeds, an improved automatic shut off, (which prevents the disagreeable noise heard in all other similar instruments when the end of the tune passes over the reeds), and a most ingenious and effective double expression swell, by means of which the tone is greatly varied. We obtain an effect from this instrument, owing to the peculiar position of the reeds and the construction of the expression box, almost equal to a regular valve instrument, and far superior to any other instrument using paper as a valve. Our Organita is almost as loud as a Cabinet Organ, and will play dance music loud enough for any medium sized hall. Its attractive shape, simple and powerful construction, and the various improvements it possesses over all other paper as a valve instruments, will place it at once, far in advance of all competitors, and we warrant it superior to any similar musical instrument extant. Price, in black walnut cases, with selection of music, only $8.00.

Over 300 tunes now ready.

SPECIAL TO AGENTS. Wishing an agent in every town we have concluded to offer a sample of the Organita to those who will push the sale for only 5 dollars each. Music 4 cents a foot. This price only applies to Agents. Money refunded if not as recommended.

THEO. J. HARBACH,
809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

MAGIC LANTERNS OUTDONE!

THE WONDERFUL POLYOPTICON, with 50 Pictures Only $2.50.

Circulars free. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

LETTER-WRITING.

THERE are almost as many styles of letters as there are varieties of people who write them.

Of brief letters here are a number of amusing examples:

Brown sent Smith a painting of a pair of ducks, nicely finished in oil, and accompanied the gift with this note:

"Dear Smith—I send you a present of game, which please accept. A pair of ducks, real canvas backs. Yours, B."

Smith acknowledged the gift and in return sent an engraving of "Catching Green Turtle in the West Indies," with a note as follows:

"Dear Brown—Thank you for your ducks I send you a nice dish—a plate of turtle. Please accept. Yours, S."

Another of the same sort: Tom wrote to John from the country, that he was constantly "employed in breaking colts." John simply answered. "Save the pieces."

An Englishman received an unpaid letter, (for which the postman charged him two cents) commencing: "Sir—Your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir—I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind." There was once a lad who swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

This may be given as an example of a strong letter: Messrs. ——, I return your firkin of butter. It is of no use to me, and it might do for a 'leader' in one of your fast freight teams. The season of the year requires strength."

Mathews, the actor, was a brilliant though rather lengthy letter writer; but in one short epistle he makes a very funny point. Having composed a song in many stanzas, he writes to his father, inclosing a copy of the composition, and says: "You may perhaps find one or two verses that will do, and the number of them will show that my illsuccess has not been from the want of will, but from a thick head, with which I shall always remain, Your affectionate son, C. J. Mathews."

The following anecdote makes mention of probably the shortest letter ever written in any language: Victor Hugo wrote a letter to a publisher with the manuscript of a new book; he had nothing but the interrogation point ? as much as to say: "How do you like it?" The publisher wrote back! a point of exclamation as much as to say, "I admire. There is another instance almost as good. Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence to a lady who had lost her husband, in two words, "Oh, madame!" In less than a year the lady was married again; and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, madame!"

The want of money has furnished some characteristic correspondence. Some years ago a young scapegrace left New York and went to Virginia City. Having had very hard luck, and knowing that he could not get money from home by simply asking for it, he concluded to "put up a job" on the old gentleman. He accordingly telegraphed to his father in New York: "Mr. Blank, your son Walter was killed in the mine, this morning by a falling cage. What shall we do with his remains? M. L. Barker."

Almost immediately a telegraph order came for $150, and the laconic reply: "Bury them." The factitious M. L. Barker froze to the $150, and went on a royal spree, and a few weeks afterwards wrote to his father over his real name as follows:

"Dear Father—I have just learned that an infamous scoundrel named Barker sent you a fictitious account of my death, and swindled you out of $150. He also borrowed $35 from me and left the country. I write to inform you that I am yet alive, and long to see the old parental roof again. I am in somewhat reduced circumstances, the accumulation of the last five years having been lost—a disastrous stock operation—and if you would spare me $200 I will be ever thankful for the favor. Give my love to all. Your affectionate son, Walter."

A few days later the young man received the following: "My Dear Son—I have buried you once, and that's an end of it. I decline having any more transactions with a corpse. Yours in the flesh, Father."

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself.

Facetiæ.

A heated term—"I'll make it warm for you."

When you think the world cannot get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you bald-headed.

The scales used for weighing gold in the assay offices are so delicate that one glance from a squint-eyed man will throw them off balance.

A joke and a boil are much alike in one respect. We all think they are very funny things when they are on somebody else.

Several Texans are in jail at Leadville. We have always observed that no matter where Texans may be, they move in the best society the place has.

A kind writer says: "You can trust a man who loves a dog or a horse." A livery-stable man says he has tried it, and says there is no money in it.

One of the most distinguished young students in the Seminary was expelled for writing an essay on the "Efficacy of Baptism in an Oilcloth Suit."

Fond mother: "Is blowing a fish-horn likely to result in injury to your boy?" "You can wager it is, ma'am, if he blows it near us, and we catch him."

The "Farmers' Fertilizing Bone Company" is the name of the institution; but why are farmers' bones any more fertile than the bones of other people?

It having been announced that a cashier had absconded, leaving a large deficit, an old lady wondered why he didn't take it with him, so as to have something to live on during his exile.

Doctors disagree. Some say whisky hardens the brain; others say it softens it. Meanwhile people with brains will continue right on drinking it, as it does not make an atom of difference to them—not an atom.

An explanation: Tom—"I say, John, why does ye aye orders twa glass o' whisky for yersel'?" John—"Weel, when I tak' wan glass I am anither man, and the ither man, dea ye see, gets the second yin."

A Southern clergyman says he would prefer to trundle a wheelbarrow at fifty cents a day than be Vanderbilt, rolling in wealth and idleness. That's very foolish. Vanderbilt can also trundle a barrow, if he wants to.

A petrified human form was found in this State the other day, one thousand feet under ground. Sometimes it is found necessary to bury book-agents as deep as that, but as a general thing seven hundred feet is deep enough.

Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she should spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her. She never blows it."

The salutatorian at Yale this year was a German, the valedictorian a Hebrew, and the prize declaimer a Chinaman. But when it comes to real classical culture our native land is there. The pitcher of the Yale Baseball Club is an American.

Educated Women.

Refined and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney diseases or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. There is hardly a woman to be found that does not at some time suffer from some of the diseases for which this great remedy is a specific. It is put up in liquid and dry forms, equally efficient. —Springfield Union.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. R. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. '82

TEXAS

Arkansas and Louisiana.

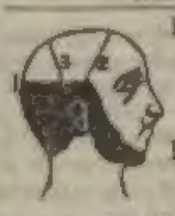
Cheap Homes for All!

50,000 Laborers can get Immediate Employment, at Good Wages, on Farms and Railroads in Texas Alone.

The South-western Immigration Co.

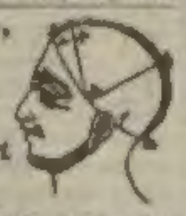
Will mail, on application, free of cost, postage prepaid, books with maps, giving authentic and reliable information, in detail, of the State of Texas, of Arkansas, or of Western Louisiana. We desire to confer with those wishing to better their condition, and are meditating a change to a new country. Address,

R. G. DUVAL, Secretary, Austin, Texas.
J. N. VICTOR, Eastern Manager, 243 Broadway, New York
Foreign Office:—WM. W. LANG, President, Leadenhall House, Leadenhall St., London, E. C., England.



R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

LADIES!

"NEUTRO-PILLENE," the only HAIR DISSOLVENT known, PERMANENTLY DISSOLVES superfluous hair, ROOT and BRANCH, in five minutes without pain, discoloration or injury. Price, $5.00.

"CLEOPATRA'S SECRET" quickly develops or restores the figure to the proportions of perfect nature. Is also a certain specific for lost energies, or nervous debility in either sex. Price, $2.00.

Send all orders to THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 62 SPRUCE ST., PHILA., PA.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 426 Washington St. Boston, Mass

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

The Greatest Variety of Goods in one Establishment in the United States.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS,

Ladies' Suits, Shawls, Underwear, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Shoes, Linens, Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing, Housekeeping Goods, etc., are sold with privilege of exchange or refund of money if not satisfactory upon examination at home.

Our New Catalogue

embracing all the departments in one large book, with a system of ordering goods by letter more convenient than any heretofore, will be mailed, without charge, to those who send us a postal card containing name, town, county, and State.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA.

Our Store, known as the Grand Depot, covers the Block at Thirteenth & Market Sts.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Re-inhaled Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 25 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper Jumps 40 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Mixquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Manual of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 2 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

Catarrh

Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio has the only known means of Permanent Cure for this loathsome disease. A full Statement of his method sent free. CURE yourself at HOME. No charge for consultation by mail. Address

REV. T. P. CHILDS TROY, OHIO

MADAM!

"QUEEN OF THE TOILET," made from EATABLE FRUITS, Beauty's latest triumph! removes FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, etc., renders the complexion TRANSPARENT, and the skin as SOFT AS VELVET, and its USE CANNOT BE DETECTED. Price, $1.25.

"MILLER'S SPECIFIC" will cure the most obstinate case of leucorrhœa, or whites, in a few applications, or money refunded. Price, $2.00.

Send all orders to THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 62 SPRUCE ST., PHILA., PA.

$10.60 for 40c. Send the addresses of 10 of your acquaintances and 40 cents for goods by mail that retail for $10.60. This is an honest offer. If you want a fortune don't let it slip. Address, D. J. HENRY, Box 122, Buffalo, N. Y.

VIGOR REGAINED. Confident that we have the most wonderful restorative ever found for all Weaknesses, we will send a sample free on receipt of 10 cts. for postage. Address, S. M. Co., Box 539 Buffalo, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WE WANT YOU | EVERYWHERE, $5.00 to $10 per day. Circulars on application. PAGE MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, O.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 13 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 36 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage.—Wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 N. Delaware Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Cards, Chromo, motto roses, etc., all new style, name on 10c. Sample 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

102 OCEAN SHELLS & CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, name on 10c, 50 for 35c, 40 Gilt and Rose Edge 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand-Printing Rubber Stamps. Samples free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Motto, etc, Cards in case, with name, 10c. VANN & CO., Fairhaven, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

COTTON dresses for young ladies and young married ladies are of every variety, and in some cases of the quaintest description. On one, for example, appears the ancient willow pattern in white on a ground of dark Sevres blue, made with a long jacket bodice, turned back from the waist in revers covered with pleatings of ivory lace. The tunic has a long shawl-point in front, and is draped high to the left side in a series of close gathers, the edge finished off with pleated lace, and the skirt is bordered with a deep pleated flounce edged with lace, and a narrow pleating added underneath the wide one. A toilette of dark Pompadour sateen is made with a polonaise fastening diagonally, the front and edge finished off with a fine cross-cut pleating of sateen matching the brighter colors of the Pompadour. A pleating of lace is added under this; and the skirt is ornamented with four pleated flounces of both materials arranged alternately, each edged with lace, and those of the striped sateen cut on the cross. A costume of plain blue and floral sateen combined has the skirt covered in front with narrow gathered flounces of plain sateen; the jacket of floral sateen has the basques cut in long peplum points, and the neck finished with a wide revers collar of plain blue material, fastened with a bow of shaded satin ribbon matching the colors of the dress.

A costume of black and white flowered foulard has a pleated skirt, draped high in front and falling in draped folds at the back; a shoulder cape of the same material, adjustable at will, is open at the shoulders and at the back, the opening filled in with loops and ends of black satin ribbon lined with red. A bow of similar ribbon is then added at the side seam of the back of the polonaise.

For ceremonious toilettes, both moire Francais and moire antique are being adopted. Flowered batiste dresses are profusely ornamented with pleatings of muslin and lace.

An exquisite bridal toilette is made of white brocade and satin surah. The front of the skirt is entirely composed of groups of tiny gathered flounces of surah satin, divided by a deep fringe of orange flowers and foliage, while the Princess corsage and train are of the richest brocade, crenelated at the edge over a deep pleating of surah. The sides of the train are ornamented with Mechlin lace and caught back with a wide satin bow. On the bodice, which is laced in front over a finely gathered plastron of surah satin, are sprays of orange-blossom and myrtle, and the head and figure are enveloped under a tulle veil reaching to the edge of the dress.

The toilettes for the bridesmaids, on the same occasion, are of pale blue surah; the entire skirt is pleated in deep pleats, and on each separate pleat is embroidered, in natural colors, a long spray of rosebuds, and foliage; round the hips is draped a scarf of plain blue surah, gauged closely on the left side, and falling at the back in artistic folds. The bodice has a pointed gauged plastron, outlined with a spray of roses, and the perfectly plain tight sleeve is ornamented with a shell-pleated parement. The large hat, a charming model in fancy straw, is trimmed with surah matching exactly the color of the dress, and has a large cluster of roses on the left side.

The visite remains the most popular shape for mantles, varied in many ways and trimmed in as many more. The mantles are made in satin merveilleux, surah, satin armure, lampas, brocade, or cashmere, and trimmed with lace, plain and beaded, long soft fringes, and passementerie

In fancy mantles there are some charming models in Hindoo cashmere, embroidered with steel beads, and in seal-brown satin, wrought with silk and bronzed beads, and trimmed with bands of cassowary feathers and old gold Spanish lace.

As regards hats, several ladies have adopted the wide-awake in preference to the tall hat, but for park riding this is not in good taste, whatever it may be in the country. The tall hat is considered more ladylike, and is infinitely more becoming.

Capotes cannot be made too small at present, and it is wonderful to contemplate the amount of variety, and the rich materials, which can be brought to her aid by a clever modiste in the manufacture of these minute chapeaux.

A small capote of black straw has a scarf of gauze round the crown, striped in two shades of nasturtium color, a small black plume and aigrette at the side, and strings of black satin ribbon. Under the brim in front, and above it at the back, are short close wreaths of tiny nasturtium-colored flowers.

Another pretty, and even smaller model, is of fine brown straw, bordered with Manilla straw lace, a single pleating of lace lying on the brim in front, and a thick ruche in addition forming a curtain at the back. Shaded brown ribbon crossing the bonnet in front forms the strings, fastened down on the right side with two little golden buttercups, and on the left side with a long spray of pink roses.

Two pretty hats for young ladies are of white straw; the plain and rather wide brim of the first model is lined with red, and bordered with straw lace falling from the edge; the trimming consists of a large bow of white silk muslin on one side, and ruches and pleatings of white lace.

The second model has the brim waved and fluted at the side and back, and lined with cream colored crepon de l'Inde; both inside and outside the brim is ornamented with little groups of pearl beads, in two rows, with three pearls to each group, and cream colored feathers encircle the crown.

Hats of Leghorn straw are in vogue, but the most fashionable of all are the bonnets of course straw in dark colors, which are worn even with the most costly dresses, to which they offer a remarkable constrast.

Pretty little capotes are made entirely of ostrich feathers with a drapery of Spanish lace fastened with jet flies, a bouquet of heliotrope and American aloe ornamenting the side, and strings of Spanish lace: others are made of black or colored straw ornamented with a drapery of surah or satin to match, and with a triple row of buttercups and steel lace trimming the crown. A fanciful capote has an advancing brim partly shading the face, and is in old gold straw trimmed with a drapery of shaded satin in old gold and seal brown, continued to form the strings, and fastened on either side with a gold spider. Large chapeaux are lined with colored surah or satin ganged or plain, and trimmed with large Alsatian bows of shaded ribbon.

Veils seem to be almost completely abandoned this season; when worn they are not edged with lace, nor have they ends at the back falling over the hair as was formerly the case.

White or other light gloves are worn, and white plain linen cuffs. These are worn beneath the sleeves of the habit, which is made very tight and plain. The fashion is to carry a riding cane instead of an ordinary lady's riding whip.

Flowers are a good deal worn. Some few ladies fasten them very high on the left side of the bodice just below the throat, but this is not so becoming a method as to insert them in the fastening of the habit, where, however, they are worn higher than was formerly the case.

To summarise all that is to be said respecting riding attire this year, I may say that more than ever is perfect plainness, neatness, and a workmanlike appearance aimed at. No ends of lace or ribbon, or even long dangling earrings, are permissable, and the hair is dressed as neatly and as close to the head as possible.

Fireside Chat.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

EVERY housekeeper has pet "wrinkles" of her own which she thinks are especially valuable; some are known to all the world, others are new to many. So it may be with mine; but, on the chance that some few things are as new to my friends as they were to me, I jot them down without any pretense of order or regularity.

Lemons will keep fresher and better in water than any other way. Put them in a crock, cover them with water. They will in winter keep two or three months, and the peel be as fresh as the day they were put in. Take care, of course, that they do not get frosted. In summer, change the water twice a week; they will keep a long time.

In grating nutmegs begin at the flower end; if you commence at the other, there will be a hole all the way through.

Tea or coffee made hot (not at all scorched) before water is added, are more fragrant and stronger. Thus, by putting three spoonfuls of tea in the pot and setting in a warm place before infusing, it will be as strong as if you make tea with four spoonfuls without warming it, and much more fragrant.

Vegetables that are strong can be made much milder by tying a bit of bread in a clean rag and boiling it with them.

Bread dough is just as good made the day before it's used; thus, a small family can have fresh bread one day, rolls the next, by putting the dough in a warm place enveloped in a damp cloth. In winter, kept cold, yet not in danger of freezing, it will keep a week.

Celery seed takes the place of celery for soup or stews when it is scarce; parsley seed of parsley.

Green beans, gherkins, etc., put down when plentiful in layers of rock salt, will keep crisp and green for months, and can be taken out and pickled when convenient.

Lemon or orange peel grated and mixed with powdered sugar and a squeeze of its own juice (the sugar making it into paste) is excellent to keep for flavoring; put it in a brisk oven till quite hot through. It must be eaten at once, or it will be as stale as ever when cold.

Meat to be kept in warm weather should be rubbed over with salad oil, every crevice filled with ginger; meat that is for roasting or frying is much better preserved in this way than with salt; take care that every part of the surface has a coat of oil. Steaks or chops cut off, which always keep badly, should be dipped into warm butter or even dripping, if oil is not handy (the object being to exclude the air), and then hung up till wanted.

Mutton in cold weather should be hung four or five weeks in a place not subject to changes of temperature, and before it is so hung, every crevice filled with ginger and thoroughly dredged with flour, which must be then rubbed in with the hand till the surface is quite dry. This is the English fashion of keeping venison.

It may be useful for those who burn kerosene to know that when their lamps smell, give a bad light, and smoke, it is not necessary to buy new burners. Put the old ones in an old saucepan with water and a tablespoonful of soda, let them boil half an hour, wipe them, and your trouble will be over.

Meat that has become slightly tainted may be quite restored by washing it in water in which is a teaspoonful of borax, cutting away every part in the least discolored.

In summer when meat comes from the butcher's, if it is not going to be used the same day, it should be washed over with vinegar.

Poultry in summer should always have a piece of charcoal tied in a rag placed in the stomach, to be removed before cooking. Pieces of charcoal should also be put in the refrigerator and changed often.

Oyster shells put one at a time in a stove that is "clinkered" will clean the bricks entirely. They should be put in when the fire is burning brightly.

Salt and soapstone powder (to be bought at the druggist's) mend fire brick; use equal quantities, make into a paste with water, and cement the brick; they will be as strong as new ones.

Ink spilled on carpets may be entirely removed by rubbing while wet with blotting paper, using fresh as it soils.

As a rule, a recipe should be faithfully followed in all important points; for instance in making soup you cannot, because you are short of the given quantity of meat, put the same amount of water as directed by the full quantity, without damaging your soup; but you may easily reduce water and *every other ingredient* in the same proportion; and, in mere matters of flavoring, you may vary to suit circumstances. If you are told to use cloves, and have none, a bit of mace may be substituted.

If you read a recipe, and it calls for something you have not, consider whether that something has anything to do with the substance of the dish, or whether it is merely an accessory for which something else can be substituted. For instance, if you are ordered to use cream in a sauce, milk with a larger amount of well-washed butter may take its place; but if you are told to use cream for charlotte russe or trifles, there is no way in which you could make milk serve, since it is not an accessory but the chief part of those dishes. For a cake in which cream is used, butter whipped to a cream may take its place. Wine is usually optional in savory dishes; it gives richness only.

Again, in cakes be very careful the exact proportions of flour, eggs, and milk are observed; of butter you can generally use more or less, having a more or less rich cake in proportion. In any but plain cup cakes (which greatly depend on soda and acid for their lightness) never lessen the allowance of eggs; never add milk if a cake is too stiff (but an extra egg may always be used,) unless milk is ordered in the recipe, when more or less may be used when needed. Flavoring may be always varied.

In reducing a recipe always reduce *every ingredient*, and it can make no difference in the results. Sometimes, in cookery books, you are told to use articles not frequently found in ordinary kitchens; for instance, a larding-needle (although that can be bought for twenty five cents at any house furnishing store, and should always be in a kitchen;) but, in case you have not one for most, you may manage by making small cuts and inserting slips of bacon.

Another article that is very useful, but seldom, if ever, to be found in small kitchens, is a salamander; but when you wish to brown the top of a dish, and putting it in the oven would not do, or the oven is not quick enough to serve, an iron shovel, made nearly red, and a few red cinders in it, is a very good salamander. It must be held over the article that requires browning near enough to color it, yet not to burn.

You must beware of attempting too much at once; perfect yourself in one thing before you attempt another. Take breaded chops or fried oysters, make opportunities for having them rather often, and do not rest satisfied until you have them as well fried as you have ever seen them anywhere; "practice makes perfect," and you certainly will achieve perfection if you are not discouraged by one failure. But above all things never make experiments for company; let them be made when it really matters little whether you succeed or not, and let your experiments be on a small scale; don't attempt to fry a large dish of oysters or chops until it is a very easy task, or make more than half a pound of puff paste at first; for if you fail with a large task before you, you will be tired and disheartened, hate the sight of what you are doing, and, as a consequence, not be likely to return to it very soon.

Correspondence.

W. N. J., (Columbus, S. C.)—They are in every way reliable.

MRS. M., (Dunn, Ark.)—In the sentence, "The painter painted the house white," we consider that white is an adjective.

MOLAR, (Allegheny City, Pa.)—Ask any druggist for prepared chalk. It will make the best dentifrice that we know of.

J. R. T., (Milledgeville, Ga.)—The making of the ink is a trade secret, known only to its owners. We, therefore, cannot tell you its ingredients.

S. L. (Eagle Pass, Tex.)—You surely cannot be in much doubt how to treat a young man who has behaved in an disgracefully neglectful a manner to you. Have nothing more to do with him.

J. D., (Cleveland, N. C.)—It is very improper for a gentleman who is merely an acquaintance to send his "love" to a young lady through the medium of the letters which her friends write to her.

BERSON, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—France is now a republic, and is governed by the people, who elect legislators to enact the laws, and a President to execute them, and their system of government provides the necessary subordinate officers.

MARGARET, (Amherst, Va.)—The goat which produces the wool of which the Cashmere shawls are made is found in Thibet and Tartary. The labor of three persons does not accomplish more than a quarter of an inch of the fabric in a day.

HERVEY, (Providence, R. I.)—Have you not made a mistake in transcribing the motto? The original, we think, must be "Gloria virtutis umbra," (Glory is the shadow of valor.) The modern word "virtue" in the Latin meant only valor, strength, and manliness.

ROMANCE, (Cedar, Iowa.)—You ask whether a person derives more pleasure from imagination than reality. We will answer your question by asking another: Suppose you were very hungry, would you derive as much satisfaction from imagining you were eating a good meal as you would derive from really eating one?

OSCAR, (Hillsdale, Mich.)—1. You do not mention the location of the company. There are several of the same name, and we cannot tell which you refer to. 2. Books on good manners and on etiquette are, of course, on the same subject, as generally understood. 3. Would what "be an honorable business to engage in?" You have omitted stating the object of your inquiry.

W. A. B., (Empire City, Col.)—The play of "Ingomar" was written by a German. The version generally used on the American stage was translated many years ago by an English lady. "Civilization" we know nothing of. Send a postal, and we will give you an address where the plays may be procured. 2. We think so. Ask some one familiar with the laws of your State on the matter.

FREDERIKA, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Send an addressed postal, and we will tell you where you can get the desired books. 2. If the inflammation is extensive consult a physician. If slight, washing and sponging the parts in warm water and applying poultices is all that is necessary. A good tonic medicine and plenty of exercise will fortify the constitution against its coming back again.

EVELYN, (Benton, Ill.)—1. We do not know that there is anything of the kind used. We would think to learn the tailoring business it would be necessary to go under instructions to one of the trade. 2. A person can learn to speak German passably without the constant assistance of a teacher. Learning the proper sound of the letters from a tutor, fair progress can be made without his further aid. 3. They are not sold apart from the paper.

MOSS ROSE, (Pearlington, Miss.)—Moles are regarded by some as beauty spots on the face. But whether you or your immediate friends regard them as such or not, you must never think of trying to remove them. You cannot remove them; at any rate, it would be very dangerous to attempt it. 2. We think your own estimate of your handwriting is correct; but you could easily improve it by care and daily practice in copying some good author.

MARY T., (Tipton, Tenn.)—If you love your schoolmate as dearly as you pretend to do, it is not the part of a friend to fall in love also with the young gentleman to whom she is betrothed. No wonder she seems pained by your conduct. Let a young lady come in between you and the affections of the young man to whom you say you are engaged, and then ask yourself the question as to how you would like it. Depend upon it, that in all such cases there is no better way to act than in accordance with the golden rule, and treat your friend as you would she would treat you under similar circumstances.

RUBY, (Macon, Ga.)—If his love is not purely sensual, it cannot lessen from such a cause. With most men who truly loved a woman it would only heighten their regard. The fact that you look upon it yourself only as likely to be of advantage or disadvantage shows a wrong feeling in the matter. It is not right to make such favors a bait to allure. If you love him and have the faith that should go with love, you would not fear what you do. Is it not better, if he must become tired, that it happens now, rather than when he is your husband? If he is what you say, and acts as you say, we think your apprehensions do him injustice.

READER, (Dover, Del.)—"Mother Shipton's Prophecy" was said to have been made in 1625, and republished in 1641. It is a modern production, ingeniously contrived, and for a time believed to be genuine by many. It is as follows:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe,
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye,
Water shall yet more wonders do
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
And England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In—eighteen hundred, eighty-one.